

November 26th, 1927

"FAMILIES
IN
HEAVEN."

(See page 9)

1 MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner

THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE

(Continued from front page)

fact of his imprisonment. The deeds and documents and worthless trash in his knapsack seem to him most valuable possessions, and he carries them on his back as he is somehow expecting some day to leave his present abode, and to take these things with him.

On his girdle he has bags full of money. But even that he cannot keep, for we see the gold escape through a rent in one of the purses. The peacock feather denotes pride, which is further shown in other adornment.

Aye it is a powerful preacher—this picture, and few people beholding it will miss its meaning. It is chiefly in the light in which Bunyan looked at this figure, that the life of the man with the muck-rake ought to be an object of warning to us. "This is a figure of a man of this world," says the Dreamer, "and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws, and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than to do what He says that calls to him from above, with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show that heaven is but a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also showed thee that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know that earthly things, when they are with mowen upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God." The crown and the muck-rake are in competition in this life. If we would devote ourselves to the one, we must pray against the other. Unless we determinedly look upwards, we shall look downwards. We must be absorbed in contemplation of that which is worth living for, and worth dying for; or we are likely to be absorbed in that which has no value to us whether we live or die. Paul recognized this truth long before Bunyan did. He gave up the muck-rake and all it had brought to him, in exchange for the proffered crown. Which is it that has your chief attention? The crown or the muck-rake?

WEST TORONTO DIVISION UNITED HOLINESS MEETING

Another large crowd gathered at the Earlscourt Citadel for the Toronto West Division Holiness meeting on Friday last. The date, November 11th, is one on which the minds of men are turned towards the sacrifices made during the War, and thus hearts are made tender. It was little wonder then that the meeting was charged with a spirit of reverence to a very marked extent. Brigadier Burrows, who piloted the meeting, urged the necessity of the Christ-follower keeping in close touch with the Master and shunning every appearance of evil. If the full joys of the Christian life were to be experienced, Adjutant Crowe, of Toronto 1, in his emphatic testimony, made plain the possibility of living in God's will under all conditions of life. There were three soloists, the Edgar Street Band and Songsters were responsible for the music.

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

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TORONTO 2, DECEMBER 3rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



WINNING A FAMILY FOR GOD AND THE ARMY

(Centre) His wife threw pipe and tobacco in the stove, while the Sergeant-Major sang. Inset (upper) All the family came to the night meeting; (lower) They attended the meetings and testified. (See "A Real Family Affair," page 3)

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, December 4th, Matt. 25:1-13.
 "Our lamps are gone out." Just when they were most needed! Is not this the experience of the foolish ones whose religion is mere profession? When first they set out their light appears to burn as brightly as that of the wise. But religion without Christ is a lamp without oil, and in due time the mere professor's light will surely flicker out, leaving them in the night of sorrow or of death, in woeful darkness.

Monday, December 5th, Matt. 25:14-30.

"To every man according to his several ability." What comfort is here for us. We need not feel disappointed because we lack the talents and gifts of others. Peace of heart may be ours in remembering that God knows just what we can do and will not expect from us the impossible.

"The wise and true
 Crave not the lofty tasks, but turn
 To greatness by the great heart doing
 all for God."

Tuesday, Dec. 6th, Matt. 25:31-46.

"When I saw you, Thee, and did not minister unto Thee?" Spiritual eyes would have seen Christ in each of His needy ones. Souls atone with Him would have rejoiced to serve Him in every poor, neglected life for whom no one else cared. But these people, because they were blind and indifferent, lost the priceless opportunity of ministering to the Lord Himself.

Wednesday, Dec. 7th, Matt. 26:1-13.

"An alabaster box of very precious ointment." And the perfume remains to this day! Never has a gift inspired so many others! As we read of Mary's offering, surely we too long to give some precious thing to the Saviour.

Thursday, Dec. 8th, Matt. 26:14-30.

"One of you shall betray Me." The Saviour tried to prevent Judas from betraying Him, and Peter from denying Him, but they would not listen, and so they both fell. The Lord, in love to His followers, still seeks to prevent them from falling into sin.

(Continued in column 4)

THE ONLY REMEDY

WHAT AN OFFICER TOLD A DRINK SLAVE HE MET WHILE ON HIS "WAR CRY" ROUNDS

HE WAS IRISH! If his eyes had not betrayed him, the trace of a one-time strongly pronounced Emerald Isle accent would have most certainly revealed the whereabouts of his native sod. But those eyes! They were bright, piercing. Even that peculiar, pathetic softness which now overcast them could not obscure their twinkling humor.

It touches one to see a man, strong and masculine, weep. It touches one to see a warrior, insensible to fear, though 'midst shot and shell, furtively dash away the tumbling tears from his cheeks, as though fearful that others might see him blubbering like a baby!

My Irish friend was a man—every inch a man—and he was a warrior, and he was weeping.

He had battled against the Boers on the veldt of South Africa; he had faced the treacherous hill-forts of Northern India; he had, though no longer a young man, served as Captain in an Irish regiment, during the Great War. And now, a slave to drink, he had settled down in Canada.

The Uniform Did It

I'll tell you how we became acquainted. I was selling WAR CRY when I first saw him. He was sitting in a big rocking chair, on the verandah of a hotel. He purchased a "CRY" and asked to speak with me for a few moments. He was old enough to be my father, nevertheless he poured out to me his tale of sorrow. It was the uniform that did it, didn't you think?

The drink—the cursed drink—had gripped my friend during his service in the army. Now he was bound tightly, so tightly that he despaired of freedom. In vain had he endeavored to break the hampering chains. All his efforts were futile.

Education had failed. "I'm a graduate of Queen's University in Belfast," he told me. "Oh, how foolish! how fallacious are the hypotheses of those educationists who assert that moral reformation will inevitably re-

sult from mass education. If it can't save the individual, it will not save the masses.

Even a godly training fails before the onslaughts of Satan. In the good old days, prior to enlisting, my friend had been a Sunday School teacher. Now—a drunkard! What a contrast.

Satan loves such contrasts. He is filled with hideous mirth when the innocent maid falls prey to a life of wrong; when the youth develops into a bestial-natured man; when the fervent Christian becomes Laodicean in character. Such contrasts please him. And certainly he was never more pleased than when he saw this intelligent young Sunday School teacher transformed into a degraded drunkard.

"Every Day, in Every Way"

My friend had resorted, again and again to self-reformation. But that, too, only spelt failure. Yes, even if he had tried Dr. Cone's famous auto-suggestion, viz.—"Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better!"—he would have failed. Perhaps he did try it, for all I know! But how can a man who has lost the power of resistance by repeated indulgence, exert sufficient will-power to extricate himself from the rut? If he had possessed a keen intellect, unmarred by the sin in which he indulged, and if his will-power had remained unaffected by his long misuse, consequent upon following the line of least resistance, then perhaps—perhaps, I say, a mental resolve and the constant reiteration of that resolve would have tended to stabilize him. But his will-power was a wreck, and his mind, once alert, was dulled.

"Is there hope for me?" Such was his piteous cry. It was like the wail of a drowning man, a man who would grasp at a straw to save his life. "Is there hope for me?"

Hope! Hallelujah, there was hope. I didn't tell him of the methods of physiologists. I didn't tell him of any humane scheme for the amelioration of his deplorable condition. Water ever seeks its own level. It

will go no higher, unless some external force is brought to bear upon it. The human can lift himself only to that height to which the human has attained. And that height, my friend, is not much above the morass in which the "common" sinner dwells! It is fraught with the same ills and vexations and disappointments. No, I did not tell him of human power.

I told him of the Blood.

"The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. There is power in the Blood. Why? Because it is Divine, shed by the One who died in our stead. Behind it, for those who exercise faith in the Atonement is the potent Power of the Hand that moves the world. My friend promised to believe. I promised to pray. He promised to pray. I did not see him again, but I think, don't you, that such a seeking, yearning heart, when told how to obtain the panacea for all earth's ills, would seek it? I knew that I had told him the truth when I told him about the Blood. So often have I seen its Power manifested in the lives of men, that I would be impossible to doubt.

Smile, friend, what does the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ mean to you?—C. D. Wiseman, Leamington, Bedford Park.

THE WASTED YEARS

Splitting an elm tree at the Railway Works at Wolverton, England, a workman found a sickle embedded in the trunk, and the annual rings of the tree proved that it had been there over seventy years.

How came it in such a position? Was it through carelessness or forgetfulness? Or had some inveterate got tired of work and hidden his reaping hook?

Seventy years idle and useless! A wasted sickle! A life-time lost. How many other useful instruments might be found lying idle while the fields are white unto the harvest!

(Continued from column 1)

Friday, Dec. 9th, Matt. 26:31-46.

"Not as I will, but as thou wilt." While the disciples slept, the Saviour agonized in prayer and conquered. So when His enemies came to arrest Him, He was ready to meet them in the strength His Father had given Him. The Saviour can teach us each to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and in doing what Madame Guyon called "the pure that lies in an accepted sorrow."

Saturday, Dec. 10th, Matt. 26:47-56.

"Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled." Thus, forsaken and alone the Saviour faced the coming Cross of shame, and the seeming failure of His whole life's work. Someone has said, "The test of a great soul is how he faces failure. Jesus faced it calmly and in sublime confidence, not merely because He was divine, but because He was a man walking in the path of duty, and trusting everything to the Father."

WHY HE TURNED BACK

At the Bradford Central Holiness meeting, a young Officer recently told the following experience: "I left my Quarters at about ten o'clock this morning to carry out a visitation plan whereby I was to start on the farthest end of my district. When I had walked about forty yards, however, the Spirit of God told me to turn from my path and go to a certain house. I had not previously thought of visiting."

The door was answered by a man whom I had sometimes spoken to in the street. He agreed to my entering the house and I discovered that his wife was ill in bed.

I spoke to them of spiritual things but they hesitated and, after a last struggle lasting an hour and a half, I had the joy of pointing them to the Saviour. I felt humbled because God came so clearly to me and showed me what I should do, although my plans were contrary.—British WAR CRY.

WHEN SIN
Drunken Miner Cries
man

I WAS BORN in the United States and brought up in the country until I was twelve years of age. As I could go to school when I liked, I got very little education. At the age of eleven I started work in the coal mines. Sunday was a day revered by my parents, and every Sunday night we would gather round the table and my father would read to us out of the family Bible.

Learned to Drink

When I was twelve, we went to Scotland. We had only been there a few years when mother died, and then the family became separated. When I was eighteen I became strongly attached to football games. This led me into the public house, where at first I only drank lemonade, but my companions kept at me, trying to get me to try a little beer in the lemonade. (Oh, I pray God that this may be used as a warning to the young people never to yield to such a temptation.) Gradually I took a glass of beer, then a pint, and finally ended by taking whiskey. This made me careless and I did not care what I did.

My father was one of the oldest colliery managers in Scotland and at the time of his death, my brother sent for a minister to conduct the funeral. Being unable to obtain one, I offered their services. None of my friends who were there knew much about the Army, but I still never forget what beautiful services they held, both at home and at the grave. This was the means of my brother-in-law getting saved.

Then my brother took sick and the Officers, hearing of his illness, asked his wife for permission to come and visit him. He gave his heart to God on his deathbed.

From Bad to Worse

After my brother's death I went from bad to worse. To get money for drink I would go into the betting houses, losing a few shillings. It was there that I met a man who was a poacher and to get money for drink I started to go out at nights with him, after the rabbits and hares and partridges. Often we were almost caught, but managed to escape.

My wife made a night never closed her eyes, wondering if I was safe. We moved from this small country place to a mining village. One Saturday night my wife and three children went out for a walk. The Army band was playing and the children asked their mother to stop and listen to the Open-air. As a result, she gave her heart to God. On the following Sunday night she went to the Hall and there made an open confession of Salvation. When she came home with the three children, I asked her where she had been, and she told me she

ONE recent Sunday two new children came along to the Company Meeting at the Hamilton V Corps. They had been sent there by their parents, who had just moved into the neighborhood, to see how they liked it. So pleased were the children with the welcome they received and the bright and cheery way in which the meeting was conducted that they went home with a glorious report to their parents. As a result the whole family attended the night meeting, and when the invitation to the mercy-seat was given the mother went forward and made her peace with God.

Sergeant-Major Scott dealt with the father, but he would not yield



of what is an injustice.—Melbourne WAR CRY.

DESTITUTE FAMILY GETS SALVATION ARMY SERVICE

A DRIZZLING RAIN tapped drearily on the canvas roof of a shabby old brown tent just under the hrow of a hill off an unpromising Hawkeville street near the park, as a man lay with no other shelter and shivered, as his wife, mother of five children, kept a dull fire going with scraps of driftwood and dead boughs which thinly carpeted a nearby grove.

"The little coal pile was gone. The kitchen table was scoured clean. Nothing but bread and a little milk had been seen about the place for several days. The eldest boy, ambitious to complete an education, quit school the other day and went to work, taking odd jobs at teaming to keep the family going.

"Three other children are still in school and the fifth was wielding a mammoth sad iron pressing an apron when Ensign Watson and a reporter came to the tent home bringing boxes of groceries. One box was from The Salvation Army, the

other from the department of civics and philanthropy of the Women's Club. Milk was also supplied, and at Ensign Watson's order, a coal wagon drove up and dumped 1,000 pounds of coal just outside the shelter's canvas doorway.

"The boy learned the teaming business from his father who formerly made a good living and started to buy a home. They came here from Bructown six months ago and soon afterward the husband's health began to fail under the inroads of tuberculosis, of which he had never before suspected he was a victim.

"Things went rapidly from bad to worse and this week he has had three hemorrhages. It was only with difficulty that Ensign Watson made arrangements to have the man taken into the hospital for treatment since his brief residence here is added to the further obstacle that a long waiting list of local people is on the examination this morning and will likely be kept at the hospital for treatment. The Salvation Army is arranging for more comfortable quarters for the family and to get the boy a permanent job."—Chicago WAR CRY.

CRIMINAL SUSPECT SEEKS SALVATION

SOME weeks ago Jackie Green, an Australian aborigine, gave his heart to God in the Melbourne City Temple. He had been brought down from Lake Tyres Aborigine Station to stand his trial for a robbery which had been committed and in which he was suspected of being an accomplice.

Having knelt at the penitentiary and decided to serve God, Jackie felt fortified for the ordeal ahead of him. He asked God to help him, and went fearlessly into court, believing that Christ would vindicate the right.

Jackie was cross-questioned for a long time, but was eventually acquitted. He thanks God first for having found Salvation, and secondly that he can return to his kinsfolk with the stigma removed from his character. Even a dark man has a deep sense

WHEN SIN'S FETTERS WERE BROKEN

Drunken Miner Cries Aloud "Oh, God, if there is a God, make me a better man" and his Prayer is Wonderfully Answered

By SERGEANT-MAJOR WM. SCOTT, Hamilton V

I WAS BORN in the United States and brought up in the country until I was twelve years of age. As I could go to school when I liked, I got very little education. At the age of eleven I started work in the coal mines. Sunday was a day revered by my parents, and every Sunday night we would gather round the table and my father would read to us out of the family Bible.

Learned to Drink

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From Bad to Worse

After my brother's death I went from bad to worse. To get money for drink I would go into the boxing booths, thus earning a few shillings. It was there that I met a man who was a preacher and to get money for drink I started to go out at nights with him, after the rabbits and hares and partridges. Often we were almost caught, but managed to escape.

My wife many a night never closed her eyes, wondering if I was safe. We moved from this small country place to a mining village. One Saturday night my wife and three children went out for a walk. The Army Band was playing and the children asked their mother to stop and listen to the Open-air. As a result, she gave her heart to God. On the following Sunday night she went to the Hall and there made an open confession of Salvation. When she came home with the three children, I asked her where she had been, and she told me she

had been to The Salvation Army and got saved. My reply was "See you keep it."

After my wife's conversion I got worse; I was spending most of my money on drink. I had a good job in the coal pits as a contractor. At times I would go away for a week and leave my wife and family alone. This continued for nine months. One week-end there was a Band coming from Dummerline to Cowdenbeath to take the meetings. My wife pleaded with me to go with her to the meeting on the Saturday night. There was to be tea and a Festival and the Officer had given her a ticket for me.

fourth row from the front. The Hall was full and there were plenty of eyes on us, as we were well-known in the town. The opening song and prayer and second song were soon through and the Band Sergeant gave his testimony. He said it was only a "step to Jesus." These words took hold of me. I heard no more that night, but a "step to Jesus." My mate said, "Bill, it is time we were going to our work." We worked at night and I had to let the men know what to do.

Going from the Hall to my house all that I said was, "Boys, they have the best of it." "Yes, they have the

my work, at the side of a railroad track. I got on my knees again and cried to God.

I got to the pit and all the men who worked beside me wondered what was the matter, as I would not talk. At other times I would have been swearing and cursing. I went down the pit and told the men where to work and I then went away by myself and cried, the cold perspiration running off me; still I could get no relief.

Wondered What Was Wrong

In the morning I took all the tools and explosives and locked them up and told the men I was going home as I was not feeling well. On the way home, I met the man who took the early shift and I told him that all was fixed up except the place where I was working, and if God spared me I would put it right that night. He wondered what was wrong with me, as I did not stop to talk with him as usual. He asked some of the men about me and they said they did not know, as I had not spoken much to them all night.

I got home, got washed and went into my bedroom, where I fell on my knees and cried at the top of my voice as if God were miles away from me. "Oh, God, if there is a God, make me a better man." Praise His Holy Name. He came into my heart. My wife got out of bed, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and started to pray also.

That morning I went to my bed instead of going out to wait at the public house for it to open. I got up about one o'clock and it seemed to me that my home was Heaven. My wife had gone out and told one of the Soldiers and he was in the house waiting to go out with me. When I went out I put my hand into my pocket to take out my pipe, but I felt so condemned that I could not smoke, and for weeks I had to fight hard with this temptation.

Broke Pipe in Half

One night I looked at my children and thought I would not like to see them smoking that dirty old pipe, so I broke it in half and put the pieces in the fire. I then found I had no tobacco, so I took some tea and put into my pipe. After two draws, I took the pipe and put it into the fire and fell down on my knees and asked God's forgiveness and asked Him to take away the desire. "Thank God, He did."

That happened seventeen years ago, on the 28th of October, and I have a joy and a peace to-day which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

I HEAR HIM CALLING

These verses may be sung to tune of "Aloha Oe"

There's a voice of Love so sweet and low
That only weary souls can hear,
And it hovers o'er the path we go,
'Tis the whisper of Jesus ever near.

Chorus:

I hear Him calling, calling me,
"Oh, weary one why wilt thou longer roam?"
Oh, yes, I hear Him calling me,
"Dear child of Mine, come Home, come Home."

In the silent hush of early dawn,
In the noontide's hour of glowing heat,
When the curtains of the eve are drawn,
I can hear loving whispers low and sweet.

Oh, the Love that bore the Cross for me
And climbed the crest of Calvary's brow,
That my soul from guilt might be set free,
Is the Love that is gently calling now.

Long I sought earth's joys, but only pain
Reposed beneath the gilded charms,
Now I leave it all to find again
Peace Divine in His open, Loving Arms.

—Robert T. Redding, Hamilton.

A REAL FAMILY AFFAIR

(See frontispiece)

that night though he was under deep conviction. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said to the Sergeant-Major, "if you'll come to my house next Saturday night we'll talk the matter over."

The Sergeant-Major readily agreed to this. Saturday came and the Sergeant-Major spotted the man listening to the Open-air meeting with a very serious and thoughtful expression on his face. At the close of the meeting he went up to him. "Well, friend," he said, "what

about that chat you and I are to have?"

"Come along to my house and I'll hear what you have to say," said the man.

But we will let the Sergeant-Major tell the rest of the story. "We sat and had quite a nice talk together," he says. "I told him the story of how God had met me in my pit clothes when under the influence of drink, and of how He had saved me." (The story of the Sergeant-Major's conversion appears above.) "I then started to deal with him about his soul, and finally asked

ONE recent Sunday two new children came along to the Company Meeting at the Hamilton V Corps. They had been sent there by their parents, who had just moved into the neighborhood, to see how they liked it. So pleased were the children with the welcome they received and the bright and cheery way in which the meeting was conducted that they went home with a glorious report to their parents. As a result the whole family attended the night meeting, and when the invitation to the mercy-seat was given the mother went forward and made her peace with God. Sergeant-Major Scott dealt with the father, but he would not yield

him to kneel down by the table while I prayed for him. Glory be to God he got saved at eleven o'clock, at night. While I was on my knees singing that beautiful chorus, 'The sufferings of Jesus,' the man's wife, with tears streaming down her face, was putting his pipe and tobacco, which he had handed her, in the kitchen stove. Love of the pipe had held him back from serving God for a long time.

"On the following Sunday both the man and his wife came to the meetings and testified, and at night the eldest girl came to the penitential form. So there is great rejoicing in the home now, because Christ is the Head of the House."

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Many Happenings in the Forest City

LONDON 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Loring)—The installation of our new Officers took place at the Citadel, under the direction of Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, who were assisted by Staff-Captain Sparks. Splendid crowds attended the Sunday's meetings. After the Commandant's earnest appeal in the night meeting, we rejoiced over one soul. We have started a week-night Young People's meeting. Over one hundred were present on the first occasion. Young People's Sergeant-Major Ferguson is putting forth every effort, with the help of his workers, to make these meetings of great interest to all. This week-end we have been favored with a visit from Colonel Noble, of T.I.Q. His message in the morning meeting was listened to with great interest. Lt. Commandant and Mrs. Hec, who are Soldiers of the Corps, also took part. The afternoon meeting was a real praise meeting. The Band and Songsters supplied special music and singing for the occasion. At night, Commandant and Mrs. Loring, and also their son, Clarence, a valuable member of the Band, One soul surrendered.

Idols Carried Round the Hall

HAMILTON V. (Ensign Greatrix, Capt. Parsons)—We had great rejoicing over eight souls coming to the Saviour on Sunday night. The first to come was a young woman and then one after the other penitents came forward to the penitent-form. The last one who found Christ was a young man. How he struggled over his tobacco. But at last the Devil was defeated and the idols put on the altar. The Corps Sergeant-Major marched around the Hall with them. It was touching to see the mother of the young man praying with him. All praise is given to God.

Back to the Fold

PARISBOHO, N.S. (Captain Williams, Lieutenant Turner)—On Corps Cadet Sunday, after a hard day's struggle, two young men came back to God. The following Tuesday one adult and four young ladies in their teens knelt at Jesus's feet.—C.C. Marjorie Ogilvie.

Won Through Singing

KIRKLAND LAKE (Captain Beeson, Lieutenant Hines)—Two souls were saved during the past week and there were two seekers for Conversion. We have commenced Cottage meetings, which are proving times of great blessing. Our Open-air Attendance are increasing. One convert, recently attracted by the

Corps Cadets Net Five Souls

LONG BRANCH (Captain Pitfey, Lieut. Hetherington)—Corps Cadet Sunday was a day of blessing. Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Lowry and the Corps Cadets led the meetings. Corps Cadet Lockwood delivered a helpful address in the Holiness meeting. At night we were reinforced with several visitors. Lieutenant Pitfey, Songster-Leader Pitfey, Songster Pitfey, Bandman and Mrs. Pitfey, of Woodstock, also Bandmen Buchan and McEade, of Riverdale. Each took part and the Pitfey Vocal Quartette rendered a song. Corps Cadet Dorothy Howell gave a heart-to-heart talk, and five seekers were registered.

Four Souls Seek Salvation

SAINT JOHN IV. (Ensign Peddesen, Lieutenant Wells)—We recently had with us for the week-end Ensign Whitehead, from Divisional Headquarters. Much blessing was received through her messages and singing. The Singing Company rendered splendid service during the week-end. The following Tuesday night four souls sought Salvation.

Lippincott Band "Specials"

ORANGVILLE (Captain Sheppard, Lieutenant Campbell)—On Sunday, November 5th, we welcomed Captain Sheppard into our midst. Times of blessing were experienced at night, and

BLESSED TIMES AT NEW WATERFORD

Thirteen Seekers at the Cross

[By Wire]

Staff-Captain Vint, of Kenya, East Africa, spoke powerfully at New Waterford on Sunday last, and through him the Holy Spirit was poured out upon us. During the day we saw thirteen seekers at the cross.—F. S. Watts.

Two Soldiers Sworn In

ESSEX (Captain Kennedy, Lieutenant Marshall)—On Thanksgiving Day a Soldier's tea was held. The surplus food was afterwards taken a family in great distress. After tea we gathered together and representatives of the various departments of Corps activity were called upon to speak. The Captain gave a helpful talk. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening. On Sunday, November 13th, two Soldiers were enrolled under the dear old Flag—Corps A. Burton.

Meeting in County Jail

GODFREY (Captain Allen, Lieut. Dwyer)—A meeting was held in the County Jail on Sunday morning last. The inmates enjoyed the meeting, and the way they sang was a real indication of God's blessing. Meeting attendance is on the increase. We closed last Sunday night with a most interesting and helpful message. The inmates were all present.

Singing Company Makes its Debut

P.O. T. COLBOURNE (Captain Zarkas, Lieutenant Simpson)—Our meetings are being held throughout the winter months and this we are happy to have been well attended. Part of our Sunday night's meeting was devoted to a quartet of "Reposers" song. Much blessing is received through the singing. Commandant Ash was a recent visitor, and the Young People's Singing Company, under Lieutenant Simpson, made its first appearance at the meeting. The inmates all gave their fitting words of commendation.—Zarkas.

Kenya Colony Visitor

FLORENCE (Captain Ritchie, Lieut. Charlton)—On Sunday, October 30th, Lieutenant Charlton was welcomed. The Holy Spirit spoke through the message which the Lieutenant gave. During the day Candidate L. Miles, who has been of untold blessing and help to all, farewell. We recently were favored with a visit from Staff-Captain Vint, of Kenya Colony, East Africa, who brought much blessing to all.—C.M.C.

Divisional Commander Leads

SEAFORTH (Captain Janaway, Lieut. Ritchie)—Last Sunday we had a visit from Brigadier Burton, whose powerful talks were a means of much blessing. His visit to the Company Meeting was much enjoyed by the Young People. On the preceding Sunday we had with us Commandant and Mrs. Hetherington, of Huxley, of Gt. Britain. Although the day was very stormy, our Open-air attendances and indoor crowds were above the average. God is working in this small but wide-awake Corps.

OXFORD (Captain Tilley, Lieutenant Hutchinson)—While the Officers and Congress, Rev. Mr. Earle conducted our Sunday night service. The choir of that church also assisted after their service. A good crowd was in attendance.

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT But One Soul Saved by Flashlight

LITTLE CURRENT (Captain Blake, Lieut. Steele)—Things are still stirring here. On November 14th we had a record crowd at our Sunday night meeting, when Major Cameron, the Divisional Commander, visited the service. Many were moved by the Major's earnest words. On Sunday afternoon we had another record crowd at the Company Meeting, seventy-one Young People being present, four new Young People's Legion members were secured and two new Home League members made. The services the following Sunday were of a somewhat surprising character, for on the Sunday night service the electric lights went out. A flashlight was the only available light, so we used that and consulted the service. But, Hallelujah! even when the Hall was in darkness, one soul stepped into the Light of God.

An Encouraging Start

KINGSTON (Commandant and Mrs. Loring)—Our new Officers have been heartily welcomed. The Sunday, November 13th, their first Sunday with us, four souls surrendered. During Corps Cadet Sunday, our Corps Cadets were in the front and at night two young women came forward.—F.B.

Saving the Young

SAINT JOHN I. (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)—Corps Cadet Sunday was a day of great blessing. The Corps Cadet Guardian, Adjutant, and the help of the Corps Cadets, led the meetings all day, and the Brigade members and their loved ones, every effort was made. After a telling address, given by the Adjutant, the seekers came to the cross in the Holiness meeting. In the Young People's meeting, held at six o'clock, seven young people came forward and afterwards testified. We believe our Corps Cadet Brigade will be increased as a result of Sunday's efforts. We closed up at night with one soul seeking Christ.—M.S.

Divisional Commander at the Helm

HAMILTON II. (Commandant and Mrs. Hynes)—The week-end meetings opened with a rousing praise meeting on Saturday evening, led by the Band. For the Sunday we had with us Lt. Colonel McManis and Staff-Captain Henderson. The meetings were full of interest and blessing, and two souls surrendered to God.

Meetings Well Attended

WHITBY (Captain Parry, Lieutenant Leach)—On Sunday, Nov. 5th, Brigadier Watson conducted the meetings, and throughout much blessing was experienced. The week-end's four-hour service was stressed in the Holiness meeting, while at night the realities of the Judgment were brought before the seekers. We believe that God blessed the efforts of the day. Week-night services are being well attended and good things experienced.

Kingston Band Lends a Hand

CANANOCHE (Ensign Tucker, Lieut. Sperry)—We were favored recently with a visit from Brigadier Macdonald. The Brigadier's talk in the Holiness meeting was very helpful. In the afternoon he spoke to the children in the Company Meeting and reviewed the lesson. At night much conviction was felt. On Monday we were reinforced by Staff-Captain Wright, Commandant and Mrs. Barclay, and the Kingston Band, which gave a splendid program of music. A grand sum was realized toward the repairs to our Hall and Quarters.

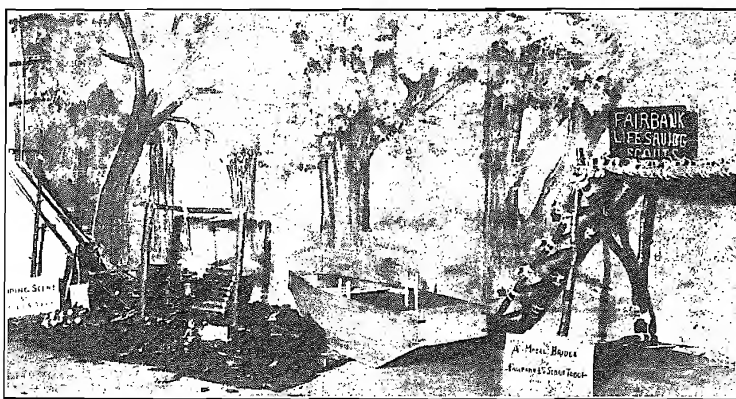
Three Surrenders

ST. MARVS (Captain Baker, Lieut. Edwards)—On Sunday, Nov. 20th, three young men surrendered to the Master. We have recorded six seekers during the last few weeks.

Seven Seekers at West Toronto

WEST TORONTO (Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lieut. Wain)—Corps Cadet Sunday, November 13th, was full of interest and blessing. The Corps Cadets were in the front throughout the day, and under the painstaking supervision of the Commandant, are developing into a fine Brigade, taking regular share in the Corps activities, as well as pursuing their own particular studies. The Sunday evening's meeting was a most impressive occasion, and two seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.

Sunday, the 26th, saw Brigadier Burrows, the Divisional Commander, to the front all day. Good congregations assembled morning, afternoon and night in the Brigade for each meeting pressing home the need of a fuller and more exacting recognition of the service of God, and the privileges open to His servants. In the night meeting, five seekers were registered at the mercy-seat. During the day the Brigadier publicly commissioned Bandman Tom Ellis as Corps Treasurer.



Camp Fire Scene and a Model Bridge—two exhibits by Toronto Temple and Fairbank Scout Troops, respectively shown at the recent Life-Savers Handicraft Exhibition in Toronto

singing in the Open-air, is now taking his stand. We have had a visit from Brother Melior, of Toronto, whose coming proved of great inspiration and help.—Corps E. Cook.

Spreading the Good News

ST. MARY'S (Captain Baker, Lieut. Edwards)—Last week-end we had with us the West Toronto Sixtette and Quartette Party. Sunday afternoon we went to Sucon for an Open-air meeting, which was very much appreciated. A rousing Salvation meeting at night resulted in one seeker. The week-end was thoroughly enjoyed by our own comrades and aroused interest among the outside people. The music and blessing brought by the visiting comrades proved an inspiration to all.

Both Sides of the Fireplace

PARTINGTON AVENUE (Ensign Hidding and Richardson)—On Corps Cadet Sunday the Cadets were to the front. At night the convert of last Sunday gave a good testimony to the power of God to keep from sin. This comrade is a real trophy of God's Grace. We rejoice that the seekers over the Cross, concluding the meeting at 10.30. One of our recent men converts, who had sick child, called the Officers to pray in the home. The visits were continued with the result that the mother also found Christ. We enrolled a new Corps Cadet.

one soul claimed Salvation. On a recent Sunday we were favored with a visit from the Lippincott Band, accompanied by Captain Ellis, a former Officer of the Corps. In the afternoon we visited an Outpost, holding a Musical meeting in the Opera House. A large audience gathered in the Town Hall at night to hear the message of Salvation proclaimed through music and song. One person requested prayer. The Young People's War is steadily advancing. A brigade of Sunbeams is soon to be inaugurated.

Corps Cadets in the Firing Line

HAMILTON II. (Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)—Last Saturday's meeting was led by the Songster Brigade. And be it said to the credit of the Brigade that they turn out as a Brigade on Sunday mornings, afternoons and evenings, regularly, and during the winter months on Saturday evenings as well. The meeting was piloted by Songster-Leader Conti and was of a most interesting, varied and helpful character. On Corps Cadet Sunday the Corps Cadets did good service. At night Corps Cadet Scott gave an interesting talk on the advantages of Corps Cadetship. Following a heart-stirring message from the Commandant, one young man surrendered to Christ, while others raised their hands for prayer. Before the evening meeting, the Band journeyed to The Army's hospital, and played very feebly a number of the old hymn tunes.

much in little BELLEVILLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)—In the Salvation meeting last Sunday conviction seized many hearts. We rejoiced over five souls seeking and finding God.

Hall Re-Opened

WOODSTOCK, N.B. (Ensign Danby, Captain Hunt)—Special meetings were held during a recent week-end when the re-opening of the Hall took place. Brigadier and Mrs. Knight were in charge and souls were blessed and inspired. The Sunday afternoon meeting was given up to the Young People and a very interesting program was given. At night two seekers came forward. On Monday night the Band assisted in a special program.

Worth Coming From Scotland For

CAMPBELL, TQ., (Captain and Mrs. Payton)—At the close of last Saturday night's meeting, one young woman voluntarily came forward to the mercy seat, and after a short time, she was in the week-night meetings and readily testifies to the power of the Blood. On Sunday, again, God's power was made manifest, when a young man, who had been a man, also a volunteer, found Salvation. When giving his testimony on the following Tuesday he said, "I thought I was a lost case, but now I have the assurance." On Thursday mornings while at work, he was badly kicked by a horse, and when valked by the driver, he was told to get out of the gig and go to Scotland and often I have wondered whether I made a mistake in leaving home. I was in the night found a young man lying smiling for his death."

An Active Band of Corps Cadets

MIMICO—On Captain Russell, Lieutenant "Cotton"—On Corps Cadet Sunday, the meetings were conducted by the Corps Cadets and their Guardian. The address in the morning was ably given by one of the Corps Cadets. At night the Guardian gave an earnest appeal, and the day ended with three young people at the mercy-seat. God is blessing us abundantly in both Senior and Young People's corps. Every Monday night we have a Young People's Choir and inside meetings are held, conducted by the Guardian and her small but active band of Corps Cadets.

Two Volunteers

ST. CATHARINES (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)—Thanksgiving week-end was a time of blessing on Sunday three soldiers were forwarded for Silviation. On the Monday, the Niagara Falls Band, with a large number of comrades and friends, united with our Band and Songsters and gave a splendid program. Adjutant Klumms filled the chair and the large crowd enjoyed the evening. On Armistice Day the Corps joined with other denominations.

Cenotaph. Adjutant Mercer placed a wreath on behalf of the Corps in memory of the brave fallen. On Corps Cadet Sunday, the Corps Cadets took charge

of the services, under the leadership of their Guardian. The meetings were indeed helpful. In the afternoon the Brigade gave a splendid program, arranged by Corps Cadet J. Thompson, Mrs. Goulder, the Young People's Sergeant-Major, presiding. In the evening a young man volunteered for Salvation, and was followed by a young woman.

service, the Rev. Mr. McDonald kindly loaning his hall for this meeting. On Sunday morning a Holiness talk was given by the Major, which brought bless-

**Kenya Colony Visitor
Leads on**

HAMILTON 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth) 1001 week-end meetings

On November 20th, the Band and the First United Church Choir gave a united

McAmmond presided and Mr. J. P. Bell, the Chairman of the Committee, thanked the Choir and the Band for their effort which realised a splendid sum towards this splendid object.—I.B.W.

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Twenty-One Souls at the Toronto Temple

TORONTO TEMPLE (Communion and Mrs. Ritchie, Ensign Bellechambers

program, which included many interesting items, was rendered. Last Sunday another break came, nine more surrenders being made. The converts are tak-

program, which included many interesting items, was rendered. Last Sunday another break came, nine more surrenders being made. The converts are taking their stand and testifying to the saving and keeping power of God.

Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of Our World Wide Operations

INTERNATIONAL PARS

Takutai, the baby Corps of Alaska, has enrolled twenty-seven native Soldiers in less than three months.

At Portsmouth, England, a stum post has been opened in a building which was formerly a public-house.

A Japanese high school student who got converted in the General's meeting in the Okayama Theatre, has become a Soldier, and sold ninety-three special Anti-drink WAR CRYs to his teachers and fellow students.

The West African WAR CRY has found its way into the palace of His Highness the Aikate of Abokuta, who is now a regular reader.

Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot have conducted a successful Congress among the Mashonas of South Africa.

In addition to conducting the Annual Congress in Germany, the General will, at the close, conduct two days' meetings at Brussels.

Lieut. Colonel Barr, Territorial Commander of the West Indies (East) Territory, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

The Hotel Honu in Honolulu is being extensively improved, making it possible to do much more and better work.

Among the Cadets in Training at San Francisco are two American born Japanese, the first to enter any Training Garrison on this continent.

The Superintendent of Police in Chicago has sent a letter to all his commanding officers, which contains the following: "I want it known that I am heartily in sympathy with the great humanitarian work of The Salvation Army."

"Just a line to inform my Canadian comrades of my new appointment in the land of my adoption," writes Captain Corbett, who recently forewelled from Canada. "I have been appointed to assist Bishop and Mrs. Knowles, at the King Edward Hotel, in Bombay. My new name is Balesleigh. I am nicely settled and trying to do my best for the extension of the Kingdom."

READY TO SHAVE EVERYBODY!

Some "howlers" and humorous requests for advice have come to light in connection with applications for the S.S. "Vedic" migrant party. There is an enterprising hairdresser who expressed his wish to shave his way to Australia. He gallantly offered to "shave everybody"—nine hundred passengers, officers and crew—in return for a free passage on the "Vedic."

One dear old lady, who desired to join one of her sons wished to know if it would be possible "to insure the contents of my grandchildren during the voyage." A bright youth in reply to the question, "What is your usual calling?" answered, "G. a.n.i.!" A father of several children inquired if, when settled overseas, his wife and family could be brought over in instalments.

There seems to be some confusion about the question of "nationality" on the part of Scotsmen. "Aberdonian" is a specimen reply. One man desired a berth near the paddle-wheel. To a question about the guardian of a boy whose parents were dead, the reply was, "I live in a flat without a guardian." But, perhaps, the applicant destined to become rich is the one who wanted to know if he could draw the "100 lb. baggage allowance" from the British Railway Company as soon as he signed the forms. Canny Scot, of course!

A Canadian Missionary Among the Crims

AN INTERESTING LETTER TELLING OF THE ARMY'S WORK IN THE SITANAGARAM SETTLEMENT

"STATIONED here in one of The Army's Criminal Settlements," writes Captain John Pitton, "I get a good idea of just what The Army is doing for these one-time law-breakers. There are nearly one thousand here, and they are criminals no longer. Such a large number naturally requires attention in many ways. The Settlement is divided into two parts by a railroad. The Manager, Ensign Swan, is in charge of one half, and I have the oversight of the other.

"A great spiritual work is being

showed special interest in the Life-Saving Scouts and inspected them and watched them drill.

"The educational side is well looked after in a School staffed by seven teachers and a headmaster. The physical condition of the people receives the attention of a compounder and a nurse. Every morning a number of sick folk line up for medical attention at the dispensary. The people from the villages around also receive free medical attention.

"About seven hundred acres of land have been given to the settlers



Commander Evangeline Booth unveils the tablet in the wall of the Aquarium, in Battery Park, which marks the spot where the first Salvation Army Open-air meeting was held in the U.S.A. On the right is Field-Major Westbrook, aged 84, the sole survivor of the seven Officers who, with Commissioner Railton, took part in this first gathering, in 1880

carried on among these people. A Corps is operated on the Settlement, with an Indian Officer in charge. Company Meetings are held, with twenty Companies operating. Most of the Company Guards are also Corps Cadets, of whom we have twenty. Life-Saving Scouts have recently been organized, the inauguration taking place a few weeks ago by Colonel N. Muthiah, the Territorial Commander. There are thirty boys in the Troop and they are shaping very well.

A Model Town

"In a recent meeting conducted by the Territorial Commander and the Chief Secretary the following incidents took place: the enrolment of eighteen Senior Soldiers, the enrolment of eight Junior Soldiers, the dedication of four babies, and the swearing-in of twenty-eight Adherents, Christian names being given to them. Best of all, six men came forward to accept Christ. So you can see that a good spiritual work is in progress.

"Recently the Commissioner of Labor paid a visit to the Settlement and was pleased with all he saw. He

in one and two acre lots. This, of course, encourages them in farming. Ploughs and oxen are given to them to use in working their land. Quarry work is carried on which provides employment for hundreds of the people. Stone is sent from our quarries to many places for the use of road work and other public works.

A "Full Up" Meeting

"To think that twelve years ago these people were brought in from the jungle like wild animals where they used to live in constant fear of the police. The Settlement is like a model town, well organized, with everything done for the betterment of the people. It is indeed a great work, this re-making of manhood.

"I will take this opportunity of thanking you for THE WAR CRY sent to me week by week. They are eagerly looked for.

"God is blessing me in my work among these people. The work is full of interest, and provides a great opportunity for practical help.

"I trust the little information sent will prove of interest to comrades in the Land of the Maple."

SAVING THE YOUNG IN THE U.S.A. CENTRAL TERRITORY

The Territorial Young People's Secretary of the Central U.S. Territory was recently in our midst. This energetic young man, Staff-Captain Herbert Young, by name, visited Toronto in the interests of the Young People's War. He timed his visit to coincide with the Toronto Handicraft Exhibition, from which he gleaned much valuable data for probable use at a similar venture in Chicago in the not far distant future.

A WAR CRY man managed to squeeze in a few minutes' chat with the Staff-Captain, and asked him about the Young People's War "over the line." Our visitor needed no coaxing to discourse on such a topic, and quickly summarized the state of his Young People in the Central Territory. Whilst the Staff-Captain is not lacking in appreciation of the situation as he views it, yet he frankly states that what has been achieved is far below what he wishes and expects to see achieved.

The Staff-Captain spoke with enthusiasm on the Corps Cadet situation. There are three thousand enrolled Corps Cadets and the Officers are weekly being strengthened by additional recruits. An encouraging phase of this branch is the percentage of uniform-wearers, and the fine spirit of activity apparent among the Corps Cadets.

The Scout and Guard Movement, the Staff-Captain stated, is comparatively new and, as yet, this branch has not had an opportunity to develop. The Movement is, however, gaining in popularity, and a splendid influx of newcomers to The Army has resulted from the inauguration of Troops throughout the Territory. It is expected that within the near future the number of Troops will be doubled. One Division has pledged itself to inaugurate ten new Troops. In fact the objective of "a Troop in every Corps," is being aimed at.

But that led the Staff-Captain to another topic—one of peculiar interest and of noteworthy importance. This is the inception of a campaign, the slogan for which will be "Do your best." This will be a Territory-wide effort, embracing in its scope every branch of activity, and concluding with a special campaign among the young people. A thorough plan of action has been arranged and a great forward move is anticipated.

The Young People's Councils are given rightful prominence. These are conducted in each Division annually, and five or six sessions are devoted in the young folks. Councils of this nature were conducted within the past few weeks, and thirty young people over the age of eighteen volunteered for Officership.

The Territorial Commander—LA Commissioner McMullan, formerly Chief Secretary of this Territory—led the Councils at Peoria, Ill., when sixty young people surrendered.

Upon the shoulders of the Staff-Captain falls the responsibilities of Candidates' Secretary, and perhaps the note of pride in his voice is undeniable when he speaks of the eight-five Cadets being in the present Session and yet, he avers, this is one of the smallest sessions for years.

The Staff-Captain radiates optimism for the future, and we have every reason to believe that his optimism is not misplaced.

THE GEN

THE homeward flow of human tide had attained maximum when, one evening, the General felt to admit the "CRY" in. Even then various Officers' relatives were claiming "just of his attention, whilst out-converting bustle of closing and hurrying feet. But the figure was the General—imperturbably bent on even of the business brought back and having been at work 10 a.m. of this same (Midnight! And protestation ever well intended, was when the first mention notable event brought General the enthusiastic ve

Hunger for Spiritual

"It was an uplifting Over fifteen hundred people different sections of Army varying types but marvellous in hunger for spiritual food, and quickly summarized the state of his Young People in the Central Territory. Whilst the Staff-Captain is not lacking in appreciation of the situation as he views it, yet he frankly states that what has been achieved is far below what he wishes and expects to see achieved. The Staff-Captain spoke with enthusiasm on the Corps Cadet situation. There are three thousand enrolled Corps Cadets and the Officers are weekly being strengthened by additional recruits. An encouraging phase of this branch is the percentage of uniform-wearers, and the fine spirit of activity apparent among the Corps Cadets.

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Blots on Our Hor

"And The Army is confronting the same baffling problem? "Yes" (sadly) "It is a raising the fact that their failure—they are the blot on the horizon. They are like the in the wood, and not all t and beauty which surround save them alive. There is also that from the begin soldiers have been an objection to the God v have forsaken. In the passage from which I noted there is the striking statement:

And the Lord saith they have forsaken My

THE EMPTY CHAIR

THE GENERAL'S Compassionate Concern for "Our Failures"—God and The Army await their Return

THE homeward flow of the City's human tide had attained its maximum when, on Friday evening, the General felt at liberty to admit the "CRY" interviewer. Even then various Officers and Secretaries were claiming "last minutes" of his attention, whilst outside was a converging bustle of closing mails and hurrying feet. But the arresting figure was the General himself—impatiently bent on every phase of the business brought before him, and having been at work since 10 a.m. of this same day—after leading the All-Night of Prayer at Midway! And protestation, however well intended, was smothered when the first mention of that notable event brought from the General the enthusiastic verdict:

Hunger for Spiritual Things

"It was an uplifting meeting! Over fifteen hundred people from different sections of Army life—varying types but marvellously one in hunger for spiritual things and zeal for the Salvation of the people. The singing was wonderful; the joy of these comrades is in itself a benediction. The definiteness and compassion manifested in the audible prayer by all ranks were like a gleam of light upon the darkness of sin-stricken lives for whom we cried to God hour after hour. Some Officers and Soldiers who were not able to be present owing to sickness or other reasons, yet spent the night with us, many in distant places, pleading and wrestling with God; otherwise it was a London gathering that will, I hope, give a lead for the Siege Campaign of very considerable importance."

In his last interview, the General had concluded the conversation by quoting a few peculiarly haunting lines containing the phrase, "...no wanderers lost." This suggested a question as to whether he might not wish to say something further having particular reference to the subject and opportunity of the Siege in respect to this large and sad-hearted class of people.

"Well, I have been asked," replied the General, "whether I cannot give some word especially for the help of the deserters from our ranks. The wanderers from God always appear to me to present a peculiarly sad accompaniment to His work. It has ever been so. From the days of Noah, of Abraham, and of Moses, the people who turned away from Jehovah have constituted a problem associated with mystery, with heart-break, and also with the most moving pity and compassion of God Himself. Are there any more pathetic utterances in the Bible than those of the Prophet when he says: 'Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!'"

Blots on Our Horizon

"And The Army is confronted with the same baffling problem?" "Yes" (sadly). "It is no use disguising the fact that these are our failures—they are the blots on our horizon. They are like the dead trees in the wood, and not all the vitality and beauty which surround them can save them alive. There is no doubt that from the beginning backsliders have been an object of high indignation to the God whom they have forsaken. In the very same passage from which I have just quoted there is the strikingly solemn statement:

And the Lord saith, Because they have forsaken My law which

I set before them, and have not obeyed My voice, neither walked therein;

But have walked after the imagination of their own heart, and after Baalim, which their fathers taught them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will feed them, even this people, with wormwood, and give them water of gall to drink.

"This is the Lord's anger kindled against the deserters, and it is terrible! And to-day it is with The Army's work as with all living, energetic enterprises which come

the lips of those who have left their Master. The very explanations they give me—the sad, sad excuses they make for their unfaithfulness—the pitiful and often agonized regrets and reproaches which they heap upon themselves or upon others—all indicate how dreadful is their suffering. I see how in the ordinary affairs of life, and even amidst the sweetest associations which are still spared to them, they feed upon wormwood and have water of gall to drink."

"Then there is no real alleviation for the lot of the God-forsaker?"

"None! That is the fact—no

silencing the heavenly voices and stifling the longings for better days.

"Something else I have noticed—how often these wanderers decline in the very fibre of their being! Character weakens, evil appetites and passions which they once despised grow stronger and assume control of the whole man. More and more sin gets the mastery, increases its domination, binds them to some particular form of evil which becomes the bane of their existence both for time and eternity. The very fact of these disappointments in their lives still further depresses them; they go down before the waves; they give up; they say, 'It is no good!' Presently they feel they have sinned against the light and henceforth there is nothing to look forward to but condemnation."

"We Must Help Them"

It could be felt that the General himself suffered as he spoke—that he was lost in the melancholy fate of those whose career he was depicting. He roused himself to exclaim:

"We must help them! And one of the first steps we have to take is to penetrate this hard shell of despair and plant a little gleam of hope in their breasts. I have often succeeded in doing this by telling these wanderers of others who have been restored to lives of Holiness and fruitfulness."

"From what you say, General, the question of the right tactics is an important one?"

"It is important, but in dealing with all wanderers the first great need is to impress upon them, as I have said, how God feels about them. They have grieved, and wounded, and bereaved Him, but He wants them back! I have often used in this connection an incident of my boyhood's days. I was visiting a little village on the Tees, and going into tea at my billet, I noticed an empty chair at the table. On returning after the meeting at night, the chair was again there, and upon inquiring of my host what it meant I was told:

"Mr. Bramwell, you know our name?—it is not a common one. Perhaps in your travels you may some day meet with some one of that name, and it will very likely be our prodigal boy. Will you tell him you stayed here one evening and noticed an empty chair at the table, and that we told you it was his chair?"

A Place For All

"The idea that God has a place which only a particular man or woman can fill, and that The Army has a place ever ready to receive those who have wandered, has a singularly moving effect on many hearts—I have found it to be so."

"Another word! We must not forget that every one of these wandering souls cost the most precious Blood of the Son of God as truly as did ours. They are bought with a price! They are not their own! Though Love has lost them, they are still loved. Is not this a glorious encouragement to us to seek them and beseech them to come home? Oh, shall we not try, in these days of God's special visitation and power, not only by our personal efforts but by our pleadings with the Almighty, to rescue and bring back to the Heavenly Father's family these self-outcast sons and daughters? Tell them that, black as things are, no wanderer need be damned; that—

While life prolongs its precious

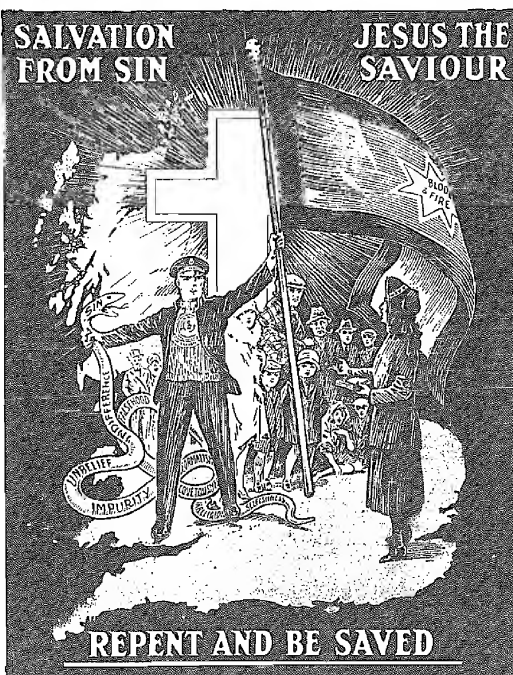
light

Merely is found and hope is

given.

H. L. TAYLOR,

Lt.-Colonel.



The above striking cartoon appeared on the front page of the first Siege Number of the British WAR CRY

under the Grace of God—there are these disappointments and failures: those in whom trust has been overcome of evil—who have fallen before the biting blasts of trial or the fiery assaults of the Devil.

"I see little practical value in saying that this thing ought not to have happened—that these lost ones ought to have been able to stand the storm. It is quite evident that the Lord Jesus Christ and His immediate Apostles had experiences of this kind of calamity. There is nothing more moving in the whole story of the life and death of Jesus than the loneliness which He had to endure because those whom He had helped and blessed forsook Him and fled."

Wounded and Forsaken

"Something very similar to this goes on to-day. Again and again our Saviour is wounded in the house of His friends; He is still forsaken. In my own travels up and down the world nothing touches me more intimately than the various phases of backsliding about which I hear from

change in outward or material circumstances can make up for the loss of God. And this fills me with sorrow on their behalf. Some I know who are poor and desolate, others who are rich and prosperous; but they all tell the same story, they all heave the same kind of sigh, and shed the same kind of tear, and look back with that intense longing which no one who has even seen it can mistake."

Still Hear His Voice

"I believe that many wanderers from God have still quite remarkable experiences of spiritual things. They still hear His voice; they still know something of the influences of the Holy Spirit; they still get flashes from the life and example and tenderness of a dying Saviour. But instead of these things bringing them help or giving them consolation in the dreary round of a life without hope, they but add to their condemnation, increase their remorse, and send them, alas! to the empty vanities of the world to find some means of



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International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner William
Maxwell,
James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2.

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ada for twelve months for the sum of
65c.

All Editorial communications should
be addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

The Commissioner has decided
that Sunday, December 11th,
shall be observed as the Young
People's Annual.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Appointments:

(Subscribers' Department)
Commandant H. Hurd, from Lon-
don to Hamilton.
Commandant W. Richardson, from
Hamilton to Halifax.
Adjutant P. Forbes, from Halifax
to London.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Lieut.-Commissioner.

GREETINGS FROM

COMRADES IN BRITAIN

Cadets at International Training
Garrison Remember This Terri-
tory in Prayer

The following letter has been re-
ceived by the Commissioner from
Cadet Mark C. Roberts, now at the
International Training Garrison,
London, England. The Cadet writes
as follows:

"Having been deputed by our
Training Principal, Commissioner
Jeffries, to write you on behalf
of the Training Garrison Staff
and Cadets of the 'Victory' Session
now at the International Training
Garrison, I send you their greetings.

"Our subject for prayer this week
is Canada and Newfoundland, and we
are naturally very interested in you
and your Territory—Canada East.

"In a Command of such extent, and
with such varied communities as
yours, we realize there will be diffi-
culties and circumstances which we
cannot understand. But we feel sure
that with God's guidance and grace
you will be able to lead on The
Army to greater victories than those
of the past—glorious as they have
been.

"Therefore we remember before
the Throne of Grace the Officers
laboring in many obscure places
among bands of devoted followers
with loneliness and hardship as their
lot, along with those in the larger
towns and cities, and pray that God
will manifest His power amongst
them in the Salvation of many souls.

"Nor do we forget the Social
Institutions and other branches of
our Work in that land.

"We pray that there may be a
mighty outpouring of the Holy
Spirit's power upon all, and particu-
larly on the Staff Officers entrusted
with the direction of the operations
in various parts; that there may be
a great advance of the Kingdom of
God and a shattering of the forces
of sin in Canada."

WHILE LONDON SLEPT

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF ALL-NIGHT OF PRAYER GATHER-
INGS, HELD IN VARIOUS PARTS OF LONDON, TO MARK THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE GREAT SALVATION SIEGE IN
THE OLD COUNTRY

THE streets of the greatest city
in the world are shrouded in
night's quietude, for London is
asleep. But stay a moment—there
shines a patch of brilliant light,
coming through an open door beyond
a pillared entrance porch—and surely
it is the sound of singing that we
hear!

"Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

And as we enter the Congress Hall
our hearts are stirred by the depth
of desire that is carried up to the
Throne of God on the waves of song.
The All-Night of Prayer, conducted
by Mrs. Booth, has commenced.

Yearning For God

As early as ten o'clock, an hour
before the meeting was announced
to begin, numbers of people were to
be seen making their way to the Hall,
and it is a truly representative con-
gregation which now faces Mrs.
Booth as she steps to the rail. Here
is Commissioner Ridsdale, with a
record of over fifty years' service as
an Officer. He has been comparing
this meeting with a meeting of a
similar character conducted by the
Founder in the Whitechapel Hall
over fifty years ago, when some
mischievous spirit introduced a large
quantity of cayenne pepper into the
atmosphere, and prayers were punc-
tuated by sneezes! There sits a
ladle in his early teens whose Sal-
vation service is only a few weeks,
but his face is alight with expectan-
cy and desire. All who are here
—Officers, Cadets, Locals, Soldiers
—to participate in this first en-
gagement of the Great Salvation
Siege, have come with hearts yearn-
ing for the touch of God.

Mrs. Booth, who was supported by
Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp, Com-
missioner Case, Colonel and Mrs.
Barr, Colonel Pugmire and other
leading Officers, in speaking, said:
"As I was on my way to this
gathering to-night, I was wondering
what it was that made the phrase
—'All-Night of Prayer'—so precious
to my own heart—and then I re-
membered that Jesus departed into
a mountain alone, and continued in
prayer all night."

Commissioner Mapp read a mes-
sage sent by the General to this
gathering from the train on his way

to conduct an All-Night of Prayer at
Glasgow. While there was plenty of
soulful singing, and addresses of ex-
hortation and appeal were given,
prayer predominated in the meeting,
and there was a liberty of expres-
sion and a passion of desire that in
themselves witnessed to the presence
of the Spirit of Christ. We feel we
would like to remain to the finish
but we have to visit other centres.

Let us away once again through
the silent streets. Here a little
group of men disperse, and the men
fade into the shadows as two police-
men step round the corner and, with
measured tread, come down the
street. In yonder doorway there is
a movement as some wretched wan-
derer gathers his rags closer to him,
and tries to huddle even deeper into
the shelter of the darkest corner.
On we go through the streets of
London's West End, past Hyde Park,
where the gaunt trees are lifting
their leafless arms toward the sky,
on until we hear a voice pleading for
the full surrender of those who are
not in harmony with God's Will, and
we find ourselves in the Hammer-
smith Hall in the midst of a Prayer
battle, with Commissioner Jeffries in
command. One by one decisions are
made; prayers of confession mingle
with those of entreaty and thank-
sgiving, and we slip away from the
Hall with the sounds of rejoicing
ringing in our ears.

Stream of Seekers

London is stirring to the life and
toil of a new day as we enter the
Camberwell Hall. It is now the final
hour of the All-Night of Prayer.
Surely there will be some evidence
of the long hours that have passed.
Perhaps the prayers will not be
touched with the desperate faith and
passionate yearning of earlier hours.
But no! The singing is as clear as
when the first verse rang out six
hours ago; the prayers are as
intensely earnest, the appeals as
moving. We have come to the last
ten minutes of a memorable night
when Commissioner Bloviers, the
leader of the meeting, steps forward
and invites any who feel that they
must not let this opportunity of sur-
rendering to the will of God slip by,
to swell the stream of seekers that
has flowed towards the mercy-seat
throughout the whole night. A mo-
ment of tense silence follows. Heads
(Continued on page 12)

The Commissioner's Appointments

PARLIAMENT STREET	Friday, Dec. 2
(United Holiness Meeting)	
HAMILTON V	Saturday, Dec. 3
HAMILTON II (morning)	Sunday, Dec. 4
HAMILTON III (afternoon)	Sunday, Dec. 4
HAMILTON IV (night)	Sunday, Dec. 4
MASSEY HALL, Toronto (night)	Sunday, Dec. 11
LONDON	Sunday, Jan. 15
HAMILTON	Sunday, Jan. 22
MONTREAL I	Sat.-Mon., Jan. 28-30
HALIFAX I	Saturday, Feb. 4
HALIFAX II	Sunday, Feb. 5
TORONTO EAST	Sunday, Feb. 12
TORONTO WEST	Sunday, Feb. 19

Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

HAMILTON I	Tuesday, Dec. 6
EARLS COURT	Thursday, Dec. 8
TORONTO TEMPLE	Thursday, Dec. 15
(Cradle Roll Christmas Tree)	
EARLS COURT	Saturday, Dec. 17

Windsor Young People

GATHER FOR COUNCILS
UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF
THE CHIEF SECRETARY—
—FORTY-SIX SEEKERS

THE announcement of a Young
People's Day for the Windsor
Division was hailed with delight
by those Young People who were
fortunate enough to be eligible to
attend. Interest was the keener and
expectancy the more intense because
such a treat had not been theirs for
several years. Added to this was
the very welcome news that the
Councils would be under the leader-
ship of the Chief Secretary.

The week-end commenced with a
United Young People's Demonstra-
tion. With Colonel Henry in the
chair and the presence of Mrs. Henry
and Colonel Adby, the evening
promised to be interesting indeed,
and the close of the program found
our expectations abundantly realized.

Colorful Pageant

Windsor I Corps Cadets led off
with a very sweet rendering of
"Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name."
This was followed by a colorful
pageant by the Walkerville Guards,
entitled, "Guards of the World," de-
picting the many lands in which the
Guard Organization is meeting the
needs of the young. Learnington
furnished the next item, an instru-
mental quartette, after which came
a song by the Windsor III Guards.
Windsor I and III were represented
by a recitation and pianoforte solo.

Perhaps the chief item on the pro-
gram was a stirring pageant by the
Chatham Young People called "Na-
man's Little Maid."

Two hundred and fifty Young
People gathered for the Councils on
Sunday. Staff-Captain McAuley, of
Grace Hospital, prayed God's bless-
ing upon the meeting, and after the
reading of the Word of God, Colonel
Henry welcomed the delegates. He
then suggested the sending of an ex-
pression of sympathy and goodwill to
Major Bristow who was lying ill in
the hospital.

Continuing, the Colonel, in a very
striking manner, gave his hearers a
brief outline of the tremendous
strides The Army is making round
the world.

Mrs. Henry spoke simply and
beautifully, exhorting the Young
People to look unto Jesus, pointing
out the dangers of looking to them-
selves or others and urging them to
think of Him as the manifested love
of God.

Arousing Worthy Desires

The Colonel gave a most inspira-
tional address, arousing in his hear-
ers desires to achieve something
worthy for the Kingdom.

The afternoon session was bright
and varied. Various Officers, young
in Salvation Army warfare, were
called upon to give some of their
experiences and their testimony to
the grace of God, the speakers in-
cluding Captain L. Gage, Captain G.
Bloss, Lieutenant R. Spillcott, and a
more seasoned warrior in the person
of Ensign Morrison. Lieutenant E.
McElhinney soloed very sweetly.

The Colonel's address was again a
real treat, and many gained a
clearer understanding of the Devil's
tactics and his never ceasing effort
to wreck the lives of young people.
The evening session was com-
menced in faith and expectancy.
Colonel Adby, who had so ably
piloted the singing during the day,
now gave his message to the gather-
ing. He very forcefully showed the
young People that no one could ob-
tain grace sufficient for another.
They must get it from God for them-
selves.

A holy hush pervaded the auditor-
ium as the Chief Secretary, after a
burning exhortation to godliness,
drew in the net and called for volun-
teers. A young man led the way for
forty-five others.

TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

Pays Flying Visit to Winnipeg
and Conducts Meetings at
Sudbury and North Bay

DURING the past week the Com-
missioner has paid a visit to
Winnipeg. Though it was an
unofficial visit and he undertook no
meetings of a public character, yet
he found time to speak to the Cadets
at the Training Garrison and to visit
the resting place of Mrs. Colonel
Taylor, in Elmwood Cemetery.

Whilst journeying westward, a
gentleman accosted him in the train
one morning whilst he was busy
with some correspondence. Seeing
that he wanted to talk, the Commis-
sioner put aside his papers and
entered into conversation with him.
After a while the fact came out
that this gentleman was carrying a
heavy load of care, and the Commis-
sioner was able to speak words of
cheer and hope to him about Christ,
our great Burden-bearer.

On his return journey to the Hub,
the Commissioner stopped off at
Sudbury to conduct a Sunday's meet-
ings. Colonel Taylor and Major
Cameron had arrived in the town on
Saturday, and at the meetings they
conducted one seeker came forward.

On Sunday it snowed all day, but
blessed gatherings were held in the
Army Hall. The Holiness meeting
was a hallowed season. In the after-
noon the Commissioner lectured on
The Army's aims and activities, and
at night, after a searching Salvation
address by our Leader, four seekers
kneel at the mercy-seat. Captain and
Mrs. Jolly are putting up a brave
fight at this northern Corps.

On Monday, North Bay was visited
and the day spent in a Divisional
inspection. At night a good crowd
gathered in the Citadel to hear the
Commissioner. Prayer was offered
by Mrs. Commandant Poole and
Major Cameron. The Commissioner's
messages, both in song and from the
Word of God, were of much blessing
and inspiration to all.

Our Leader conducted a Half
Night of Prayer in the Toronto
Temple on Tuesday, and left the
centre again early on Thursday
morning for Samia, and thence to
London, St. Thomas and Ingersoll.

United Holiness Meetings

Windsor

The Chief Secretary, assisted by
Mrs. Henry, conducted the United
Holiness meeting at Windsor on
Friday, November 18th. A large
welcome was accorded the Colonel
and his wife, and their visit brought
blessing to many. The need for com-
plete cleansing was presented by
means of song and address and one
seeker came forward for Sanctifica-
tion. Mrs. Henry was presented to
a Windsor audience for the first
time and gave a very clear and
definite talk on Holiness.

The Colonel's address was inspira-
tional and thought-provoking, and un-
doubtedly proved of great encourage-
ment to his hearers.

Toronto East

The first of the Toronto East
United Holiness meetings was held
at Parliament Street Corps on Friday
last. Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Saunders,
of the Training Garrison, being in
charge. Staff-Captain Ritchie re-
ferred to the regretted absence of
the Divisional Commander on ac-
count of illness, and prayed God's
blessing on him and on Mrs. Bloss.
The singing of old Army songs and
bright, definite Holiness testimonies
by Officers, Locals and Soldiers,
characterized the meeting.

The Colonel's theme, taken from
the book of Amos, showed the futil-
ity of two attempting to walk to-
gether except they be agreed. With
tearful eyes the Colonel showed
how this was true in family, busi-

For Young People

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HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER

THE COMMISSIONER Leads Blessed Season of
Intercession in the Toronto

Temple—Six Hundred People Plead With God for an Outpouring
of the Spirit—Glorious Scenes of Surrender at the Mercy-Seat

A SEASON of refreshing, inspira-
tion, uplift and encourage-
ment—a time when God in-
stilled greater faith and courage into
the hearts of His people and baptized
them afresh with the Holy Ghost.
Such was the Half-Night of Prayer
conducted by the Commissioner in
the Toronto Temple on Tuesday,
November 22nd, when over six hun-
dred Salvationists and others gath-
ered to wait upon the Lord and to
present their petitions to Him for
specific objects. They gathered in a
spirit of expectancy, and their long-
ings might well be expressed in the
first lines of a well-known Army
song with which the meeting opened:
"Spirit of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God."

It was a night when God's people
ascended the hill of the Lord, there
to commune with Him and to gain
inspiration and vision to go back to the
ordinary things of life.

"We believe in prayer," stated the
Commissioner, "we believe in the
necessity of prayer. We believe that
God answers prayer."

A letter he held in his hand, he
went on to say, was one more in-
stance of the blessed fact that God
hears and answers prayer.

At the last Half-Night of Prayer
he conducted a man had requested
that special prayer be offered for a
wandering wife and mother that she
be restored to her family.

Recently he has written to the
Commissioner to say that prayer on
this woman's behalf has been partly
answered for she has signified that
she wants to return home. Her three
children are looking forward to her
being home for Christmas, and they
will think that is the best present
they can receive.

There was not much speaking in
this special gathering, the time was
mostly devoted to prayer, inter-
persed with the singing of songs
and choruses.

What fervent petitions ascended to
the Throne of Grace during that
halloved season? Veteran Officers,
Locals and Soldiers poured out their
hearts to God for their own needs
and for others, and younger com-
rades took part just as enthusiastically,
two persons often praying aloud
simultaneously, while all over the
building rose the hum of hearty re-
sponses and now and then a loud
"Hallelujah!"

"Precious souls are dying,
Nerve me for the fight."

QUICK SERVICE

The Salvation Army's Investiga-
tion Department has many successes
to its credit, by which lost relatives
and friends have been restored to
those anxious about them, but it is
doubtful if it ever scored a victory
in a briefer fashion than occurred
recently in a Canadian town.

An Army Officer was recently
selling WAR CRYS from door to
door; a lady bought a CRY and in-
vited the Officer in. When he was
seated she said, "I hear that The
Army sometimes finds missing peo-
ple, and I have been wondering if
they could locate a friend of mine of

ness, and spiritual life, and urged his
hearers to be in agreement with the
Master, as it is impossible to walk
with God unless we do His will, seek
His face and cultivate His friendship.

The Colonel was ably assisted by
Mrs. Saunders. The Danforth Band
and Songsters also gave splendid
help.

Montreal

The second meeting of the series
was held in the Point St. Charles

How the old song roused Salvation
warriors to intercede for the Salva-
tion of sinners; what confessions of
unawareness and neglect of duty
were made; what supplications as-
cended for pardon and a reviving of
the old-time zeal and love!

"Touch our lips with a live coal
from off Thy Altar," prayed a veter-
an Officer; "touch our hearts with
Thy living compassion which will
compel us to go out and save others.
Let the baptism of the Holy Ghost
come upon us and make us channels
of blessing."

The final half-hour of this meeting
was a united heart-cry from the con-
gregation for the descent of the
Spirit.

Very clearly the Commissioner
outlined the conditions of receiving
this wonderful gift; first repentance,
then cleansing, then surrender and
consecration. In fiery language, he
stirred the imaginations and hearts
of his hearers by relating what had
happened in the early days of The
Army when simple and ordinary men
and women were revolutionized by
the baptism of the Spirit and went up
and down the country like blazing
fires turning people to righteousness.
"Oh come upon us," he prayed,
"quicken us and make us a fire for
Thee. We want Thee to be glorified
and we want sinners to be saved."

Earnestly he then pleaded with
any in the meeting who felt con-
strained to seek the Spirit's baptism
by his hearers by relating what had
happened in the early days of The
Army when simple and ordinary men
and women were revolutionized by
the baptism of the Spirit and went up
and down the country like blazing
fires turning people to righteousness.

The immediate response called
forth volleys of "Hallelujahs." Two
young women rushed forward to the
mercy-seat and threw themselves
down as if glad that their contro-
versy with God was ended. Others
followed quickly; they needed no
pressing or persuading; the Holy
Ghost was working mightily and con-
viction was strong upon those who
had lost their first love or who had
quenched the Spirit. Humbly they
knelt at the penitential throne, confessing
with their heavy failures, their de-
sires, their backslidings, and finding
a Father's loving welcome, complete
cleansing and power for service.
Sixteen in all came forward ere the
meeting closed, amid general rejoic-
ing over blessings received and vic-
tory won. It was a glorious finish.

Supporting the Commissioner were
Mrs. Maxwell, Colonel Henry, the
Chief Secretary, and the Territorial
Headquarters Staff.

whom I have completely lost trace."
"We should be very glad to try,"
said the Captain. "Will you give me
her name and a description, and tell
me where you last heard of her?"

"Her name is Mrs. —" and here
followed details which would make
it very easy to identify the lady.

Before she could get any further
the Captain broke in, "I can tell you
where to find her; she used to attend
my meeting at P—; here is her
address," and he forthwith handed it
to her.

When she recovered her breath the
lady was loud in her praises of "The
Army and the Helping Hand," which
could thus solve a problem of years'
standing in a moment.

Hall, and though it was a very wet
night, a splendid crowd gathered,
and the meeting was full of the
presence of God. Adjutant Sanford
gave the address.

On Friday, November 18th, the
meeting-place was the French Corps
Hall, which was packed. Ensign
Rawlin gave the address. There
were testimonies in English and
French. One woman knelt at the
mercy-seat, and the meeting closed
on a high note of faith and expecta-
tion—"Nemo."

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Conducts Meetings at Kingston
and Belleville

FOLLOWING his Quebec cam-
paigns, reported in our last
issue, the Chief Secretary, with
Mrs. Colonel Henry, made calls at
Kingston and Belleville, conducting
meetings at each place.

Kingston was visited on Wednes-
day, November 9th, this being Col-
onel and Mrs. Henry's first visit to
the city.

The Colonel delivered a stirring
lecture here. Dr. Ross, M.P., a warm
friend of The Army, presiding. The
audience listened with great interest
to the Colonel and demonstrated the
utmost appreciation. Brigadier Mac-
donald, the Divisional Commander,
accompanied.

The following evening was spent
at Belleville, where, despite the in-
clement weather, a good crowd
gathered and showed great delight
at the presence of the visitors. The
Soldiers was out in full force, and
the band's playing drew words of
appreciation from the Colonel. Mrs.
Henry's words on "The Salvation of
God" were of a very impressive
character, and the Colonel followed
her message with a striking address
which riveted the attention of his
hearers. Much conviction resulted,
and two seekers came to the Cross.

"BY GOD'S HELP I AM GOING STRAIGHT"

Says Heart-broken Man at Meet-
ing Conducted by Colonel Wm.
Morehen at Guelph Reformatory

Colonel Morehen spent a gracious
period at the Guelph Reformatory on
Sunday, November 26th. A large
crowd of men attended and the at-
tention given was splendid. One thing,
which brought a wonderful spirit into
the meeting, was a guitar and piano
duet, by two inmates. The guitarist,
who is a skilled player on this beau-
tiful instrument, struck up the grand
old tune, "Where is my wandering
boy to-night?" From that he passed
to another sweet, old tune, "For you
I am praying." Those hundreds of
men were visibly affected, especially
when the Colonel had a word about
"Mother," saying that the first tune
played by the duoists was his old
mother's favorite song. Thirteen men
stood to their feet signifying their
acceptance of Christ. A heart-broken
man came to Ensign Dawson at the
conclusion of the meeting and said
how greatly he had been impressed
by the meeting. "Finally," by the
reference to "Mother." Then he
broke down and said, "I have not
done right by my mother, but by
God's help I am going 'straight.'"

FIELD SECRETARY AT PARRY SOUND

Old Memories Lead to
Wanderer's Conversion

The Field Secretary recently visit-
ed Parry Sound, accompanied by
Major Cameron, and conducted a
week-night meeting. In the meeting,
a man, under the influence of liquor,
rose and spoke of having known
Colonel Taylor in the West. At the
conclusion of the meeting the man
gave his heart to God.

The Colonel was also privileged to
be billeted at a house where an old
Canadian pioneer, aged ninety-seven,
lived. He is a true type of Christian,
and came to this country ninety
years ago. Conversation with this
aged trail-blazer was both instruc-
tive and blessed.

On a recent Sunday three seekers
knelt at the Cross.



BAND AND BRIGADE CHAT

Sherbrooke Band is commencing a Winter Series of monthly Musicals and has been given the responsibility for the Saturday night meetings. Mrs. Colonel Bell met the Band recently for a farewell talk before leaving for Australia. Her words on "Efficiency" will be remembered.

Two articles which have appeared in recent issues of the "Bandman and Songster" on the theme, "They ask for bread," have prompted Bandmaster Wolno, of Hamilton I, to say that the thought ever before his mind in choosing a selection for the Sunday night Open-air, is to give out the Gospel message in music. Sometimes a less discerning Bandmaster is inclined to be critical, and think to himself, "What, that old thing again?" forgetting for the moment that the message is the all-important thing.

The Wellington (N.Z.) Citadel Band Secretary, in sending us his personal news bulletin, adds as a "thought for the month," "What kind of a Band would our Band be, if every Bandman was just like me?" Think it over!

Bandmaster Brooks, of 543 St. Clarens Avenue, Toronto, is anxious to secure an Ed Bass and a Monster Bass.

The serenading season is almost upon us. Make your plans in good time. A well-planned effort has far more chance of a successful issue than the hilly-missy kind.

The Cadets had an "object lesson" night on Monday last, and enjoyed it to the full. The "object lesson" took the form of a Musical Festival, given by the Earlscourt Band in the Training Garrison Auditorium. It was "real Army" throughout. The interspersed testimonies of the Bandmen was a happy idea. Lt. Colonel Saunders, the Garrison Principal, was in charge of the "class," and the lesson will undoubtedly prove of much profit to these embryo Officers.

A Band Secretary, who is employed in a bank, had a gratifying experience some little time ago. The building next door was undergoing extensive repairs, and the caretaker had become friendly with the men conducting operations. One man particularly impressed him. "There is something different about that chap," he would say. "Seems somehow more willing to help and more polite." One morning the caretaker approached him broad smiles chasing each other across his genial countenance. "I've found out why that building is so different," he said. "He belongs to your Army—plays the drum in one of your Bands. No wonder I like him!"

BUILDING FOR TO-MORROW

Dovercourt's Promising Young People's Band

DOVERCOURT'S aggressive Junior Combination, mention of whose activities at the Home Corps and "abroad" appears from time to time in our periodicals, is deservedly popular. Whether it be at some small Corps where the appreciation of the few makes up for the lack of numbers, or during a special week-end "away" when they occupy a prominent place in the proceedings, these young musicians give of their best, by their best is highly acceptable to any audience.

At the Home Corps they add instinctively to an already virile Young People's fighting force; the Company Meeting is made distinctly more valuable and attractive by their presence and effort, as are also the imposing Young People's Open-air on Sunday evenings, which we feel sure, are far-reaching in influence.

In addition to their musical accomplishments the boys have other distinctions. For instance, its personnel

Our Musical Fraternity

THE BAND RESERVE

A VETERAN SAYS IT CAN EITHER BE "A DUSTY SHELF OR A PLACE OF HONOR"

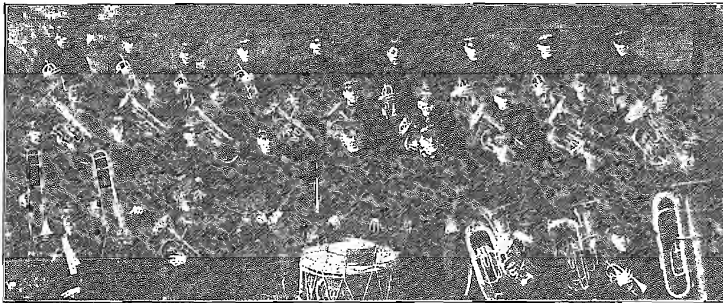
THERE seems to be a little controversy among some of my friends as to the merits and demerits of the Band Reserve. One of our younger celebrities has voiced his opinion on the matter and, as presenting the other side of the case, I have been asked to give mine.

The young Bandman's argument is without doubt a good one. Whether we like to admit it or no, the veterans of The Army have certainly a hard task in keeping abreast of our younger comrades, who ought to be ahead of us. While we were ploughing virgin soil, they were growing up into the full realization of advantages wrested one by one from stern opposition and unwilling opportunities. I had to fumble out the C scale under a leader who had only learnt it a day before I did. My only reading front and working at dominant and diminished sevenths as a result of education it has been

pleasure! The spirit is still willing, but rheumatics is a pesky thing!

On the other hand, I would remind all my veteran comrades that the Band Reserve doesn't mean removal of responsibility. These big, strong boys of ours need careful watching. Youth is still apt to be impetuous, impressionable, and at times very despondent. We must stand behind them with a word of encouragement or warning, helping them to be as faithful as we have been. And above all else we must encourage them to become Salvation Army Officers.

You say they resent old folks' interference! So they do when the old folks forget that they were once young and had hot hearts and often hot heads! We are very often apt to overlook the fact that we ourselves resented the misunderstanding of our elders when we were young, but just as we appreciated the sympathy of the few who seemed to



Dovercourt Young People's Band, an active and progressive combination, under Band Leader Jack Robbins

my joy to give him. If he couldn't play better than I can, bitter disappointment, not pleasure, would fill my heart.

It seems to me the duty of us veterans to step out of the way of progress if we cannot keep pace with it; or rather, it would seem a duty, if to stand aside were not a

understand us, so will the boys of to-day respect the man who tries to see things without an old-age bias coloring everything.

It is no use our trying to advise youngsters how to play or how to march. They could teach us. But on those more important questions, which cannot be answered by the study of the text-books, we of the Band Reserve can, if we wish, become the authorities with voices that are heard with respect and profit.

The Band Reserve is like a rainy day—it is what you make of it. It can either be a dusty shelf lumbered up with "has beens," or a place of honor from which we can look down upon the younger generation with comfort and joy to ourselves and profit to them.

WINTER SERIES OF FESTIVALS

Inaugurated at Montreal Citadel

A series of Winter Musical Festivals has been inaugurated. These are to be given by the Band and Songsters, and the first of the series took place last Thursday evening. On account of inclement weather, the congregation was somewhat depleted, but that did not prevent the participants giving of their best.

Brigadier Byers ably filled the chair. During the evening a tribute was paid to the fallen war heroes, the audience standing whilst the Band played the "Departed Heroes" march. The vocal items by the Songsters were suitably tendered, and the Band items, especially those from the Festival Series, were given in an admirable manner. Individual numbers were most enjoyable.

OUR HERITAGE OF SONG

By a Canada East Songster-Leader

It has been said that Songsters do not take their work as seriously as Bandmen. What a pity if this is so! Our beloved Army has been credited with having sung itself around the world. We who belong to the present day fighting forces, and more particularly we who hold commissions as Songsters, should see to it that the glorious heritage of our singing Army is cherished.

In recent years great and notable advances have been recorded in the realm of music within our ranks, and it would appear, in some quarters at least, that the instrumental side has been the subject of much intensive training and development, somewhat to the neglect, we fear, of the vocal.

Why should this be? By all means let us have the very best instrumental music possible. The service of God is worthy of it, yet, demands it. But the divine gift of song should not be neglected; rather should it be regarded as the highest form of musical expression, and cultivated as such.

What power there has been in Army singing in days gone by! Have not we all been stirred by the recital of testimonies to the awakening of conscience and the touching of long silent chords by the singing of an Army song? Oh, the power of sanctified song!

Then, Songsters, ought we not to cherish our goodly heritage of song? Ought we not, by our individual interest and collective endeavors to enhance the prestige and capacities of our Brigades? Ought we not to put our best efforts into all our work as Songsters?

If we do, more souls shall be reached and blessed through our greater and better efforts, and we ourselves shall receive more joy in and through our service.—Sentin.

BANDMASTERS: ATTENTION!

A correspondent sends an interesting note with reference to the passing round of Journal numbers in the Open-air. He suggests that Bandmasters themselves could greatly assist in the prevention of confusion by choosing right moments for the giving out of numbers.

There is undoubtedly a time for everything and the observance of a simple system by the Bandmaster would in many cases eliminate much unnecessary distraction in the ring. It often happens that a Bandmaster steps into the ring to give his testimony to the people attracted by the playing of the Band. The crowd listens with great attention and the speaker tells out the glorious Gospel of liberty and light, when suddenly a commotion takes place amongst his own comrades right round the ring. A moment ago they were listening to him. What has happened? A new Journal number has been passed round, at the wrong moment, and the speaker in the ring finds his efforts hampered by this little lack of thought. Let us watch this.

AFT



The wheel got all of Sam's things one Saturday night

CHAPTER XII

WITHIN three months a triumphant exit from Bill Moore was again "this time in Hubbard, county seat community, all hundred miles from San Francisco and almost an equal distance the coast. Inasmuch as the place is not Hubbard, it do as well as another, for it a bonny city, and the inmates of a night, at this date, feel it were the "judgment of history" turned upon them. Now it turns; lower and culture is upon it. Then it was but a from the chrysalis of the frog.

To assemble a layout was of ten days and preparation of a good location took less week. Before the first morning rolled away, Moore's gambler was counted among things out in the place. From the gambler sought to establish a reputation for fair dealing, a clientele increased in proportion to the reputation. Men in Hubbard that "Bill Moore never robbed one!" If a man lost heavy bets were taken care of. I was on record wherein rendered foolproof through gambling on the part of the winner, had been cared for. I also pay day came. One of the Hartley's, and to Bill I important!

Sam Hartley was a boy and his family was large. They got all Sam's earnings one night, and Sunday the four Hartley board was slim. Bill about it early Monday morning brought two heaping baskets to the home before noon. He intended to advertise news got out. It was on things that made Hubbard at least that section of the town was not alive to the danger involved in the Moonbushment.

There was one section place, however, not so. Through the Hartley incident activities of Moore came Hubberton of Captain Blake. Hubberton Corps and she, pre details of the transactions of its ramifications and of the gambler about them.

"I'd hardly call it clear answered in reply to his 'to rob a man and then, ret of the pillage.'"

"As a matter of fact I spoke twice what he said," retorted "and I've told him to stop here. Of course, if he does won't throw him out, but in

AFTER MANY DAYS

THE STORY OF PREACHER MOORE'S SON

by ENSIGN VINCENT CUNNINGHAM

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days

IMAGE OF SONG

ada East Songster-Leader

said that Songsters do work as seriously as what a pity if this is not having some itself world. We who belong to day fighting forces, particularly we who hold as Songsters, should see a glorious heritage of Army is cherished.

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The wheel got all of Sam's earnings one Saturday night

CHAPTER XII

WITHIN three months after his triumphant exit from Wesley, Bill Moore was again in "business," this time in Hubbard, a small county seat community, about one hundred miles from San Francisco, and almost an equal distance from the coast. Inasmuch as the name of the place is not Hubbard, that will do as well as another, for it is still a bonny city, and the inmates thereof, at this date, feel distressed were the "judgment of history" thus turned upon them. Now its structures tower and culture is stamped upon it. Then it was but emerging from the chrysalis of the frontier.

To assemble a layout was the work of ten days and negotiation for lease of a good location took less than a week. Before the first month had rolled away, Moore's gambling joint was counted among things permanent in the place. From the start the gambler sought to establish a reputation for fair dealing, and the clientele increased in proportion to the reputation. Men in Hubbard said that "Bill Moore never robbed anyone." If a man lost heavily, his warts were taken care of. Instances were on record wherein families, rendered foodless through reckless gambling on the part of the breadwinner, had been cared for until another pay day came. One such was the Hartley's, and to Bill this was important.

Sam Hartley was a bookkeeper and his family was large. The wheel got all Sam's earnings one Saturday night, and Sunday the fare on the Hubbard board was slim. Bill heard about it early Monday morning and brought two heaping baskets of food to the home before noon. He had not intended to advertise, but the news got out. It was one of the things that made Hubbard tolerant, at least that section of the place that was not alive to the moral danger involved in the Moore establishment.

There was one section of the place, however, not so tolerant. Through the Hartley incident, the activities of Moore came to the attention of Captain Blake of the Hubbard Corps and she, probing the details of the transactions, learned of its ramifications and dealt with the gambler about them.

"I'd hardly call it charity," she answered in reply to his statement, "to rob a man and then return part of the pillage."

"As a matter of fact I spent about twice what he lost," retorted Moore, "and I've told him to stop coming here. Of course if he does come I won't throw him out, but my dealers

have been instructed not to encourage him to play. Hartley's not the only one in Hubbard that gets a chilly welcome at Moore's."

"But why must any of them be welcome?" she pleadingly inquired. "Why is your business necessary? Is there nothing else that you could do to make a living?"

"That's a matter of personal choice," he answered, "and I believe that God gives to every man the right of personal choice. You call it free will, I believe."

"That is right," and she was now in her element. "Personal choice is a God given right to man, but with it comes personal responsibility, and there will be a day of Judgment when you must answer for the manner in which you have used the gift."

"Listen, Sister," the gambler heard to impress his accuser, "I thought that stuff all my life. My old daddy used to preach it all the time and I believe he had a genuine religious experience, but I haven't one. If I could believe the things you are trying to tell me, I'd have given up the game long ago. But you've got to show me and so far nobody has been able to do it."

"What do you mean by 'show me'?"

understand God and Christ and you'll get further with me than through any appeal to my faith."

"Well, you'll never understand Him then." She was sorrowful. "You'll never know Him until He is revealed to you in Judgment and then it will be too late. Intellect is not strong enough to carry you over. You must have the faith of a child, or of the thief who said, 'Remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.'"

The conversation was only one of many that took place between the little Lassie and the gambler, and there grew up between them an ardent friendship in which the girl sought by every means within her power to direct the attention of the gambler to spiritual matters. She was not without success along this line, either, although Moore did not let her know of it, but kept the inscrutable visage of the gambler throughout.

Their friendship was further cemented when Moore learned that her father had been a preacher in the same conference with his own Dad, and many were the times that money from the gambler and his friends found its way into The Army treasury. Aside from a few dime misnamed "The Variety Theatre,"



"I hardly think your congregation would appreciate my presence," Moore replied

"Why prove it, of course. You don't expect me to take your word for it, do you?"

"It's not up to me to prove it," she answered. "That is up to you. But instead of trying to prove the truths of Christianity, you deny them. You would put Jesus on trial, just as Herod did and expect Him to do some great miracle to create faith in your heart. No one who takes that attitude ever finds the Christ. He is found only by faith."

"I don't believe it," Moore said. "What did God give me a mind for if not to use it? Show me how to

Hubbard offered no entertainment for the public, and The Army Open-air meetings provided enjoyable song and music in the early evenings, with consequent large attendance. Moore was often in the crowd and sometimes went to the indoor meetings, apparently for entertainment, but actually for the spiritual food he was getting.

There was one interlude that almost upset the soul progress of the gambler. One morning's mail brought to him a letter from Rev. Simpkins, Pastor of the largest church in Hubbard, asking him to call at the



"I'm farewelling," she told him, and he heard the news with a sinking heart

minister's study on business. Moore debated the advisability of the visit for a time, fearing a frame-up, but, after due consideration, decided that there was nothing the reverend gentleman or his friends could do, and accepted the invitation.

"I wanted you to call," the minister explained, after they had exchanged greetings. "To tell you that I met a dear old lady when I was at Conference last month and she told me that her son William Moore, was running a hotel in Hubbard, and asked me to look him up."

Moore found it hard to regain his composure in front of the minister. For years he had been deceiving the "dear old lady" by telling her he was engaged in the hotel business. No son was ever more solicitous about the physical welfare of his mother than Moore, but in all the years he had never allowed her to visit him, always forestalling plans in this direction by pressure of business, or by a visit to the old home. As age made the matter of travel more difficult, the problem became easier of solution.

"It's better that she should believe me to be in a respectable business," The gambler had to make a quick choice and decided against attempted deception. "I have always told her that I was in the hotel business."

"I thoroughly agree with you, Mr. Moore," responded the preacher, "but I do think you should do more for the church. I have heard that you frequently attend The Salvation Army meetings here, and while I do not disparage their efforts, it would seem to me that a man of intellect like yourself would find a greater measure of blessing in the service of the church. We are having wonderful times at my church right now, and I am sure that it would do you good to come."

"I don't think your congregation would appreciate my presence," Moore replied. "It's all right to talk about inviting the stranger, but as a rule they want the stranger to be something more than a gambler."

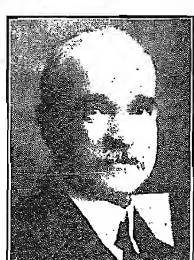
"That would not need to learn your identity. Most of the people do not inquire too closely as to what a man does on week days."

"But I am not ashamed of my business," and the gambler began to wax warm. "I make a living as good or better than yourself and most of your parishioners. Not that I want to brag about it, but I distribute considerable charity among the poor. Whatever I do is done openly and I see no difference between making a profit on those who come to my place and making a (Continued on page 13)

ANOTHER VETERAN CALLED HOME

BROTHER CHAS. FULLER, RIVERDALE

Another veteran warrior has gone to join the ranks of the Redeemed in the person of Brother Chas. Fuller. For days he lingered in a comatose state, and on Friday, October 28th, he slipped peacefully away to be "forever with the Lord." But Brother Fuller was ready—unquestionably so. The day he left the town of Malton, where, with his devoted



Brother Charles Fuller

Salvationist wife, he had resided for four and a half years, a circle of his friends gathered at the station to wish him Godspeed. Among them were a minister and his wife. This good lady, when speaking to our departed comrade about his forthcoming operation, asked: "What if your heart should not stand the operation?" The reply came readily: "Well, naaman, if my heart should prove too weak—it is clean, anyway." That was our comrade's last public testimony—his first was given over forty years ago.

Brother Fuller was in the full bloom of young manhood when the Lord put His Hand upon him. He was then a member of the Congregational Church, London, England. He continued as an active Church worker until thrown in contact with The Army. This was effected—surely Divinely so—by meeting a Cadet who was busy collecting for Self-Denial and WAR CRY selling.

Enrolled at the Nunhead, South London Corps, in 1895 by Captain "Dick" (now Colonel) Adby, he became an energetic worker in the ranks. As Young People's Sectional Sergeant-Major in London, he worked under Colonels Pagnire and Morehen. Later he served as Band-Sergeant at Lewisham Corps.

A useful period was spent by Brother Fuller as Manager of the Bookbinding Department at Clerkenwell, when Colonel Noble was in charge of the Department. It was whilst engaged in this work that he was privileged to bind the first Soldier's Guide, compiled by the Founder.

The funeral service of this veteran was conducted at Riverdale Citadel on Monday, October 31st, by his two first Captains—Colonels Adby and Noble, Major McElhiney assisting, and was an impressive occasion. Major McElhiney conducted the Memorial service on Sunday night, November 13th. Among other speakers was Honorary Songster-Leader Fuller of Danforth, a son of the promoted warrior, who represented the family in this hour of sorrow. Deepest sympathy is tendered the bereaved wife and her Salvationist family, of whom there are two daughters—Songsters at Riverdale—in addition to the Honorary Songster-Leader.

Have you ordered your copy of the Christmas WAR CRY?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY AT PETERBORO

TRAINING GARRISON PRINCIPAL CONDUCTS THREE UPLIFTING SESSIONS

Twenty-Six Seekers at the Altar

GREY CLOUDS, a tang of frost, and snow flurries heralded the long-looked-for day, but smiling faces and buoyant youthful expectancy made for brightness in the Canadian Legion Hall, where the meetings were held. A splendid crowd of young people were in attendance, including the Peterboro Y.P. Band, which accompanied the singing during the day. Comrades from Penelon Falls, Colong, Campbellford, Haliburton, and Lindsay helped to swell the numbers.

Adjutant Ellery read the Guide, commenting on the same, giving some fine seed thoughts that will long be remembered. V.P.S.-M. Braund, the faithful and efficient leader of Peterboro's excellent Y.P. forces, then spoke. The church and home are the most important things in a nation, he said, and urged all to love and respect both.

Lt-Colonel Saunders read a story from Numbers, of the man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath. He showed that it was not the mere act, but the disobedience of a command that made sin so great, and explained that after this awful judgment, God's mercy was revealed in His command that the children of Israel must wear a ribbon of blue round the hem of their garments ever after, to remind them of God's commands.

In the afternoon Captain Mundy gave a personal word of testimony. Adjutant Ellery also spoke words of counsel, lifting up a high standard and urging all to come up to the same. Two stories told by Staff-Captain Ritchie concerning his boyhood, and illustrating well the text "Be sure your sin will find you out," were listened to with interest and profit.

The Colonel then gave a call for all who felt the urge to leave friends and home to follow the Master.

Twelve comrades deliberately made the decision to follow fully.

Over two hundred young people filled the Hall for the last meeting. Staff-Captain Spooner made an earnest appeal to the young people to choose the things of highest value.

The Colonel gave a heart-moving address. As the Prayer meeting progressed, young men and women could be seen kneeling at the mercy-seat, making wrongs right, startlingly fresh, surrendering fully, until twenty-six had entered into the higher life.

At the close, a wind-up was held at the Temple, the Peterboro Senior Band and Songsters having remained for the same.

During the day letters were read from two Cadets present at last year's Young People's Day, Cadets Williams and Brokenshire.

Much credit is due to Commandant and Mrs. Ham and all concerned for the splendid catering arrangements made.

A splendid Young People's Demonstration was given on Saturday night. The program was full of variety, all the items being well rendered. The fan song, by the Colong Life-Saving Guards, in pretty colorful Japanese costumes, went well, also the Peterboro Guards' musical march. A selection by the Y.P. Band was greeted with gusto, and the Y.P. Singing Company did splendidly.

The final item was a tableau, representing the activities of the Y.P. Corps. Two Juniors brought in a scroll, which they unrolled, showing the words "God bless our Army." One felt God must indeed bless the efforts of those engaged in such a glorious work of helping to train and fit young lives to play the game of life well and fill up the fighting ranks of the dear old Army.—A.F.

TRIBUTES TO A VETERAN

Major White Conducts Memorial Service for "Dad" Liddle at Riverdale—Three Seekers

The last public tribute has been paid to our dear old comrade, "Dad" Liddle. No more will we be inspired by the sight of his glowing countenance, and his stirring words of testimony, but time will only sweeten the fragrance of his memory, and as the song lined out by Major White assured us, we shall meet by the Throne of God.

Major White, in whose department our comrade worked for five years, spoke feelingly of his practical religion and his desire to exemplify the Master Carpenter when at his bench, and tendered the sympathy of the Men's Social Department to the bereaved.

One by one comrades were eager to express their appreciation of the life lived by "Dad" Liddle. Lt-Colonel Attwell drew from his knowledge of thirty years, and his testimony to the stalwart qualities of our comrade stirred many veteran hearts as memory harked back to the early days at "Riverside" when the fighting was far from easy.

The words of Brother Forsay left no doubt in the minds of the listeners that a godly life leaves its imprint upon those it touches.

It happened that the representative of the Army and Navy Veterans, who brought the condolences of that body, was both a veteran of the Empire and a Soldier of the Cross. Brother Hammond spoke of the days in hospital and the anxiety of our comrade to be up and doing for his Master even though strength was nearly gone, and also told of "Dad's"

joy in the noon-day Prayer meeting, when he would bathe his soul in the fulness of his Father's Presence.

On this occasion the Corps was represented by Sergeant-Major Bradley, who followed Major White's words by saying that "Dad" was not only a "tireless worker," but was a "tireless Salvationist" always at his post—always ready to do his part—and eager to advance the Cause of his Master.

During the meeting the Songsters sang, and following the playing of "Promoted to Glory" by the Band, the partner of our comrade rose to her feet to pay her tribute. The sustaining Power of God was certainly evidenced as the dear old warrior spoke of her loved one, and the joyousness of his religious experience.

WHILE LONDON SLEPT

(Continued from page 8)

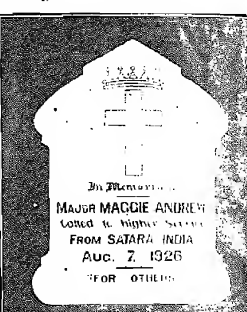
drop-conviction is written even more deeply on the faces of some, and thus they come one by one—those whose souls have been seized by the Spirit of God throughout the whole night, yielding to Him thus, the last to come being a Songster whose Bandman's sweetheart has helped her to make the decision.

And thus The Salvation Army in Great Britain spent the night of November 2nd—not alone in these London centres, but in Glasgow, where the General was in command, and hundreds of other places, from great cities down to tiny country villages, and the Great Salvation Siege commenced.

A STRIKING TRIBUTE TO A MISSIONARY HEROINE

Memorial Tablet Unveiled in Elmvale Presbyterian Church, in Memory of the late Major Maggie Andrew

On November 13th the village of Elmvale paid a striking tribute to the life and service of the late Major Maggie Andrew, who was born and spent her girlhood days in the village.



The Memorial Tablet placed in the Presbyterian Church at Elmvale

A Memorial Tablet has been placed in the Presbyterian Church of which the Major was once a member. Colonel Taylor, Lt-Colonel McAmmond and Mrs. Staff-Captain Sparks were present for the unveiling, which was supplied by the Midland Band.

After an address by the Pastor of the Church, in which he expressed the hope that other members of his Church might become Army Officers, Mrs. Staff-Captain Sparks, who was a sister of the late Major Andrew, spoke feelingly of her sister's devoted Christian life.

The Tablet was unveiled by the Field Secretary and Mrs. Sparks, and memories of our Promoted comrade's missionary service were revived as the Church Choir sang "Jesus shall reign."

Colonel Taylor and the Midland Band remained for the evening service in which the Colonel gave an illuminating Bible address.

ON DUTY ON HOLIDAY

On Friday afternoons the men Cadets are allowed a few hours free time; so it came about that on Friday, Nov. 11th, two Cadets were walking down the Yonge Street when a man on the sidewalk stopped them with a trivial question. This question answered, he was anxious to open a conversation. It was soon evident that his loquacity was partly due to the fact that he had been drinking but more typical Cadet is not daunted by trifles, so the two of them went at the man "hammer and tongs" about his sins and the danger in which his soul stood.

So effectively did they deal with him that he expressed a desire to be saved at once; it may be that a latent anxiety had caused him to speak to them at first. At any rate, they immediately piloted their captive to the Temple, where they were joined by several other Cadets, and soon the visitors at the Social and Guard Exhibition were impressed by the sight of this group kneeling at the Temple mercy-seat, while the men sought and found Salvation.

After the light came into his soul, he made his way through the crowd, sobering now and in his right mind, declaring that Jesus had saved him. So the Cadets spent their free time warning the war in which there is no discharge and this dear fellow found on Armistice Day, the peace which passeth all understanding.

GLEANINGS FROM THE HUB

The first of the winter series of Holy Week meetings was held in St. John's on a recent Friday. In the absence on tour of the Sub-Territorial Commander and the General Secretary, the meeting was conducted by Mrs. Lt-Colonel Moore, Mrs. Major Tilley and Adjutant Cornick, who were ably assisted by other Officers of the city. A large crowd assembled and God's Presence came very near. Fifteen seekers knelt at the mercy-seat, some coming to seek the Blessing of a clean heart.

The Cadets are "going strong." The principal speaks in high terms of them. Captain Katherine Barker, of Chief Side Office for the women. With her are Captain Aditya, Brown and Sergeant Major Mills. Each forming a happy group. Captain O. Rideout and Sergeant Major Claude Brooks supervise the men's side.

Last Saturday night's Open-air at St. John's is well worthy of notice. It was a dark night and the wind blew cold from off the sea, as the comrade stood in St. John's Cove. There was a good number present, despite the raw night, and the listening congregation stirred noticeably, pressing in close to the ring and giving eager attention. It was a great opportunity. Commandant and Mrs. Wooding led alternately, several Bandmen assisting, and singing was a prominent feature. Surely the souls will be won in the final revelation of seed sowing.

On Armistice Day, Adjutant Bishop, Captain Amanda Reid, Captain Katherine Barker and Cadet Josephine Wheeler acted the Part Assured and a probable one was sent with the aged people, age and prayer alternated with kindly words and spiritual counsel. One dear lady states she is 106 years old. At 60, she is remarkably bright for an old-fashioned age.

Captain M. P. Phinney, of Grace Hospital, has received five well orders, and will be going home to Newfoundland and home. The Captain has founded a school and is now working here for over three years and will be greatly pleased by many to whom she has ministered. May God bless and speed her as she proceeds to justice now.

Mrs. Captain Charles Butler is, at the time of writing, very ill indeed. Comrades are praying earnestly that the Lord will see fit to lay His hand of healing upon her and restore her once more to her little family.

THREE SEEKERS

ALEXANDER RAY, Captain Goulding, London, died on Sunday night. His life had been filled with men and women who had walked a long distance to enjoy a real Salvationist meeting. The presence of the three seekers after a real testimony meeting, the Corps Officer spoke, and the congregation was brought to face with the question, "Is my name written there?" The singing of "I found lives above," melted the hearts of many, and three souls sought and found Him who died to save.

AFTER MANY DAYS

(Continued from page 11)

profit on them in a grocery store or meat shop. Lots of people have dealt with me about my business, but none of them has been able to convince me that it is wrong in the sight of God—if there is a God.

The minister sought to turn the conversation into more fruitful channels. He spoke of his own boy and the success he was having in another part of the country. "Just a day or so ago," he said, "I had a letter from George offering me a half interest in the business and inviting me to come with him. But I'm really doing too well in Hubbard to give up now. My Sunday School is the largest in the city, and the people in my congregation include the leading men and women of the community. I can have anything I want when it comes to church affairs."

They talked some more and got nowhere, and Moore took his leave. "Perhaps I should have called on

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMAND

ADVANCE

ENCOURAGE

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"I'll do it," he said.
(To be continued)

(To be continued)



Our WOMEN'S PAGE



TESTED RECIPES

By Mrs. Major Thompson

LEMON COOKIES

Cream two cups granulated sugar and one-half cup butter. Add three beaten eggs, and flavor with lemon juice. Sift into the mixture enough flour to make the dough stiff enough to handle. Roll thin, cut out and bake.

TEA CAKE

One half cup butter, three cups flour, three eggs, one cup currants, one half cup sugar, three teaspoons good baking powder, three-quarter cup milk. Bake in long pan, split and butter; cut into squares.

GINGER COOKIES

One cup sugar, one cup syrup, one cup butter, one egg, one dessert spoon ginger, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, a little less small teaspoon soda, two teaspoons vinegar. Dissolve soda in vinegar. Pinch of salt, flour to make stiff.

BAKED HADDOCK

Select a haddock about three pounds, scale under cold water, lift out on newspaper, remove head and entrails, sprinkle inside with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Fill with stuffing, close with small wooden skewers. Place in a pan with a moderate supply of dripping, bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour, basting often to brown the fish. Lift carefully on a warm platter with two fat leaves and garnish with parsley. This will serve five or six.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD—"

A story which might have ended in tragedy, had The Army not intervened, has recently come to our knowledge. Two young women, who live in Winnipeg, began communicating with a man—"white-slaver"—would be more to the point—in an Ontario city. This detestable fellow painted, in glowing colors, what he would do for them if they came east. There would be "soft" jobs with big money and a good time.

With amazing gullibility, the girls, without notifying their parents, slipped off one day and landed in Ontario. It took them only a brief space to discover that their strange benefactor was a villain, and their only salvation lay in the fact that they had secured rooms at a respectable boarding house. They were in a dilemma, however, for finances were running low, and they could not long continue to pay board. They made inquiry and were directed to The Army. Here they met Brigadier Macnamara, in whom they felt they could repose their confidence. Their surprise was not amiss. The Brigadier gave them some motherly advice; their parents were communicated with, and work has been seen so that the girls can earn enough to take them back home. Meanwhile, a watchful eye is being kept upon them and it is certain that they will return to "the Peg," sadder but saner young women.

A WOULD-BE SUICIDE REINSTATED

It was the old story: the woman had been ill and unable to work. Her "rainy-day" money had dwindled until she was at her extremity. The quickest exit from her misery, she thought, was by suicide. The poor creature was rescued from the Toronto Bay and subsequently appeared in Court. The magistrate was not long in deciding that her case was one which The Army could best deal with and deal with effectively and humanely.

The manner in which this victim of adverse circumstances has responded to kindly treatment is remarkable. A position has been secured for her, at which she is proving herself a splendid worker.

LITTLE TALKS TO PARENTS

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

By Mabel C. Way-White, Chapleau

WHAT is minding our own business? If we speak of a farm, we know what it means there. It means seeing to the farm work being properly carried out. If we speak of a store, we know what it means there. It means paying attention to the business so that it pays. If we speak of it in regard to the home, do we realize what it really means?

It does not merely mean cleaning the house, cooking the food and doing the washing, but it has a deeper and a fuller meaning. It means that you should make it your business to make the "business" of home-life pay.

For instance, when husband comes home greet him with a smile, and have things comfortable for him, physically and mentally. Don't pour out your troubles to him the moment he gets inside the door! He is probably just as tired as you are and has had his troubles, too, during the day. Also, mind your own business in regard to the children. Trashy literature breeds trashy thoughts and trashy thoughts lead to trashy deeds. So look to the literature they read. It need not always be "school books,"

or "dry as dust" philosophy, but let it be clean, good reading matter, which tends to the elevating of chivalry and character.

In some cases the good home influence is sadly undermined by the child's outside companions. Therefore, it should be the business of the parents to know what companions they keep. Bad companions will soon soil the clean mind of a child, who will not dare to come home and repent what he says or does among his chums. In this case prevention is better than cure.

It is also the parents' business to watch the child's habits. A little boy of twelve put into long pants, thinks he is now a full-grown man! He does his best to imitate the men he sees about him. In his youthful ostentation he thinks it is "quite the thing" to smoke, curse and swear like "them big fellows." Now is the time to nip the habit in the bud! It's no use eternally saying, "Don't do this," or "Don't do that," and perhaps following it up with the strap! This will in all probability win your boy's or girl's contempt, and besides they will get away and do the self same thing surreptitiously.

Instead, take them aside and explain clearly and lucidly why they should not do such a thing, and impress upon their young brain the ill effects of the habit. Take, for instance, smoking (a habit which most boys dearly love to imitate—and many girls, too).

Tell them how it shrivels up the lungs, the nicotine poisoning the tubes and clogging the breathing apparatus. It also stunts the physical growth and interferes with the growing brain power.

Make these facts real to the boy and he will, of his own accord, want to be good, normal man and be only too willing to give up smoking at once.

Drink should never be within the child's reach at any age. And—be aware of the pleasant pastime of cards and the "pool room!" Card games are started innocently enough, but there are some people who go on (all they cannot play a game unless they play for "points." Some day this leads to worse gambling and a broken home. The pool room is on the same basis. This is well known and is posted clearly as "THE ROAD TO RUIN."

***** sense told me that this was an arduous sum to take care of our food.

It's true that I had been very interested in articles appearing in the various women's magazines that I read, and I thought their suggestions were very nice, but somehow I didn't think of applying them to my own problem, until in desperation I decided to try one of the systems, and see what result I would have. I confess that I was very skeptical about it.

The system was this— to take time to sit down, and prepare a menu for each meal during the week. This sounds as if it would take a lot of time, but it really doesn't, and think of the joy of not having to decide each day on something to have for supper that night.

Perhaps this would not have worked so well had I not combined a little plan of my own with it, because it is very easy to think of good things to eat, but another matter to make it conform to your pocketbook. On the same line with each menu, but in another column, I would list the articles that would have to be purchased for that meal, and the cost of each article. If, at my first attempt I exceeded the \$10.00 I would go over the list again, and shave off a little here and there until I had a list of well balanced meals for the whole week. Another advantage is that most of the articles can be bought on one day at the beginning of the week, and thus save the trouble of shopping every day. Of course, perishable articles and meats would have to be purchased on the day they were to be used.

A matter about which I was entirely ignorant when I was first married, was that of meat. In my mind there were only two or three cuts that could be used to any advantage. In fact there were only two or three that I knew the names of. By chance, I noticed an advertisement of one of the meat packers in which they offered free to anyone sending for them, a chart of the different cuts of beef, or lamb, or pork, with recipes for preparing the cheaper cuts of meat in an appetizing manner. They were a revelation to me, and I found that pieces that I thought were only good for soup, could be made into attractive dishes for dinner.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG WIFE

PART IX—The Table Budget

IN PART THREE of this series of "Confessions" I talked about the money end of marriage, and gave an approximate budget to which we were trying to conform. I said that we had allotted \$10.00 for food each week. This sounds very nice, but it has not always been easy to keep within this amount, or at least to do so successfully. We found that there was quite a tendency to spend most of our allotment for food over the week-end, and consequently by the end of the week we were reduced to very plain fare in order to keep within our budget.

Both George and I like good things

to eat, and I wanted them, but I saw that there must be some sort of a system so that we would not live sumptuously one day and very plainly the next. To keep an account of my expenditures was not enough. The fact that I would have to list them in my account book when I reached home, did not keep me from buying the tempting fruit that I saw at the store, or the meat that I could cook with the least trouble and the least time. I really became discouraged about it, and thought that it would take someone wiser and more economical than I to run a house on \$10.00 per week. And yet, common

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Corps selling 800 and over
Halifax 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshor) 860
Montreal 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Green) 855

Corps selling 600 and over
Hamilton 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman) 605
Riverdale 1 (Field-Major and Mrs. Higgins) 600

Corps selling 500 and over
Ottawa 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Faller) 665



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Hamilton 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth) 550
Moncton 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove) 525

Corps selling 400 and over
Timmins 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieut. Towns) 400
Kingston 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay) 400

Corps selling 300 and over
Vancouver 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Snoddy) 365
Windsor 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. McLean, Ensign Hayward) 350
Brook Avenue 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Brown) 350

St. Thomas 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Woodson) 325
Sherbrooke 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Lorrain, Lieutenant Ballam) 325

Hamilton III 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman) 315
St. John 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan) 300

Brantford 1 (Field-Major and Mrs. Squirebraker) 300
Sarnia 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Cavelander) 300

Lippincott 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Ellis) 300
Montreal II 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Hart) 300

Corps selling 200 and over
Troy 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Miller) 285
Halifax II 1 (Commandant Webb) 285

Windsor II 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Captain Hart) 275
Montreal IV 1 (Adjutant Smith, Lieut. Thompson) 275

North Toronto 1 (Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Barrett) 270
East Toronto 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Gillingham) 265

Fredericton 1 (Field-Major and Mrs. Hiscord) 265
Niagara Falls 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins) 265

Port Colborne 1 (Ensign Zorfas, Lieut. Simpson) 260
Oshawa 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Osburn) 260

Peterborough 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Hani) 260
Doverport 1 (Adjutant Jones, Captain Pelham) 250

London I 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Cadby) 250
Orillia 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Goddard) 250

Sydney 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Everett) 250
Hamilton II 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Rayner) 250

Windsor III 1 (Ensigns Hickling and Richardson) 250
St. Catharines 1 (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer) 245

Earlecourt 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. McEldon) 225
Parliament Street 1 (Ensign Page, Lieutenant Ordry) 225

Galt 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves) 225
Gloucester 1 (Ensign and Mrs. Howlett) 225

New Glasgow 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevenson) 225
St. Stephen 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings) 225

(Continued in column 4)



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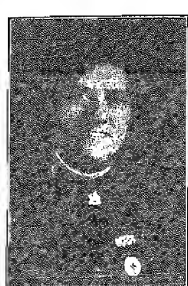
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December 3, 1927

CIRCULATION CHART

Corps selling 800 and over	860
Halifax I (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier)	855
Montreal I (Ensign and Mrs. Green)	805
Corps selling 600 and over	605
Hamilton IV (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)	600
Riversdale (Field-Major and Mrs. Highton)	600
Corps selling 500 and over	505
Ottawa I (Ensign and Mrs. Felle)	505



SISTER MRS. WILSON,
a faithful Herald of
Samia

Hamilton I (Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)	550
Moncton I (Commandant and Mr. Hargrove)	525
Corps selling 400 and over	400
Timmins (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieut. Downes)	400
Kingston (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	400

Corps selling 300 and over	355
Yorkville (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	355
Windsor I (Adjutant and Mrs. Boush, Lieut. Downes)	350
Brook Avenue (Captain and Mrs. Green)	350
St. Thomas (Commandant and Mrs. Woodcott)	325
Sherbrooke (Ensign and Mrs. Latham, Lieutenant Hamilton)	315
Hamilton III (Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman)	315
St. John I (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	300
Brantford (Field-Major and Mrs. Squire, Lieut. Downes)	300
Samia (Commandant and Mrs. Cawender)	300
Lippincott (Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	300
Montreal II (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	300

Corps selling 200 and over	285
Truro (Adjutant and Mrs. Miller)	285
Halifax II (Commandant and Mrs. Wells)	275
Windsor II (Adjutant and Mrs. Captain Hart)	275
Montreal IV (Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson)	275
North Toronto (Ensign and Mrs. Barrett)	270
East Toronto (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	265
Frederickton (Field-Major and Mrs. Hiscok)	265
Niagara Falls (Commandant and Mrs. Kinnison)	265
Port Colborne (Captain and Mrs. Simpson)	260
Oshawa (Commandant and Mrs. Ashburn)	260
Petersburg (Commandant and Mrs. Ham)	260
Dovercourt (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones, Captain Feltman)	250
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	250
Orillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	250
Sydney (Commandant and Mrs. Everett)	250
Hamilton II (Commandant and Mrs. Rayner)	250
Windsor II (Ensign and Mrs. Richardson)	235
St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	235
Earlecourt (Adjutant and Mrs. McBurn)	225
Parliament Street (Ensign and Mrs. Cordy)	225
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	225
Gloucester (Ensign and Mrs. Bennett)	225
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	225
St. Stephen (Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	225

(Continued in column 4)

THE WAR CRY

15

The Proof of The Pudding

A PROMISING RECIPE—"JUST IT"—A HOLIDAY JAUNT—
SOME FAITHFUL BOOMERS — PUZZLED — S H O U T
"HURRAH!"—CHRISTMAS ORDERS ROLLING IN—PREPARE
FOR SURPRISES

AS A YORKSHIREMAN would say: "There knows lad, proof of pudding is in eating of it." (I hope that's the correct lingo.) Anyway, it's the truest truth, the fastest fact.

One Ottawa I brother believes it. He's been reading the Circulation notes which have flowed from this pen about the Christmas Special. I seem to see him in his armchair reading all the wonders it contains, and absorbing every word. Then when he gets to the end of his absorbing, he nods his head in a wise, cautious sort of way, and says to himself: "Seems it's going to be a fine number; recipe seems promising, the pudding ought to be great. But still!"—(in the words of a former British Prime Minister) "I'll

'Wait and See.'

Let me set my eyes on it; let me get a taste of it, and then—we'll know things."

All right! Good reasoning that! Sound sense! Knows his onions! A Solomonian way of viewing things, etc.

What's the result?

Friend C. J. Mason, WAR CRY enthusiast, Master-herald, Super-boomer, for it is he, gets hold of an early copy of the Christmas "CRY," scans it, tastes it, digests it, enjoys it, wants more, and in his ecstasy, gets pen and ink and paper and writes to me thus:

"Say, Mister! Isn't this Christmas 'CRY' just IT?" (Not his usual drawing room English, but, nevertheless, expressive!)

"I've been hearing for a long time now," he continues, "special numbers described as 'The Best Yet' etc., but on looking over this one, every article made me say, 'I want to read that.'"

"And the illustrations! I'll just say they're fine; and I am particularly taken with the back cover!"

What's the Use

of telling you? You've seen it!

"May God richly bless and reward you, and all who helped in any way,

for all that has been put into such a marvellous edition. I wish I could sell ten thousand."

"Our Ensign here is a great man for plans apparently. All he asks me to do next week," he concludes facetiously, "is to sell 1,000 Christmas 'CRYS,' and the following week he expects to have another 2,000 here, and I am ONLY to sell 1,000 of them."

A mere trifle for the gallant WAR CRY enthusiast, a flea-bite, a mere bagatelle. When he gets going, the selling of 2,000 of the Christmas Specials will be a holiday jaunt for him, a simple playtime.

Anyway this

"Unsolicited Testimonial"

from a satisfied buyer" ought to convince the most cautious of the cautious.

Talking of heralds and their deeds, here's a Sister, by name Sister Mrs. Wilson, of Samia. Set your gaze on the face of this Sister seller of Samia and know that you are looking at one who delights to boom the Salvation Messenger in the streets of her burg. "She is so faithful," says our correspondent of her. Could any finer tribute be paid!

Which reminds me of another boomer. At the close of a Corps report, which reached this office last week from Parlington Avenue Corps was the note—isolated, altogether devoid of context—"Brother Houghton is booming THE WAR CRY."

That puzzled me! The phrasing reminds one of little Sister who runs to Daddy with, "Tommy's eating the jam!" This worthy Brother, it seems, is booming THE WAR CRY.

Why Not?

With such a topping WAR CRY as ours it would be a matter for remark if the gallant comrade was not booming THE WAR CRY.

Let him! I'm not the chap to stop him. Keep him at it; don't let him slow down; shout "hurrah!" to him; give him a few "hurrahs" to help him along, serve him refreshments, hold his coat, do anything to keep

THE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

This Week's Big Orders

Ottawa I	4,000
(Ensign and Mrs. Felle)	
West Toronto	3,600
(Comdt. and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant Ward)	
Hamilton I	3,000
(Comdt. and Mrs. Ellsworth)	
London I	3,000
(Comdt. and Mrs. Laing)	

him going.

Go to it, my boy! And may you sell 1,000 a week and live forever.

There was one other thing. What was it? Ah, yes! A last word about the Christmas. I was in the Publisher's Office just now and he was telling me about the orders that are rolling in for the Christmas number—1,000 here, 2,000 there, 500 here, 900 there, etc., etc., etc.

He is hoping for

A Record-Shattering Order

this year. We can do it if we all put our shoulders to the wheel and help to push the old chariot along. Gallant Mason will help us, Sister Mrs. Wilson will help us, comrade Houghton will be there with sleeves rolled up, a host of brother boomers will help us, myriads of our Sister Heralds will assist us to roll the old Circulation Chariot along.

There's lots more to say; but as the man exclaimed as he fell from the roof of a sky-scraper: "One must stop somewhere!" In the meantime just be prepared for surprises; for on all hands you'll

—C. M. Rising.

(Continued from column 1)	
Woodstock, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kisson)	210
Ottawa III (Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	210
Sudbury (Captain and Mrs. Joe, Captain Dearman)	200
Yarmouth (Ensign Leach, Lieutenant Hamilton)	200
Charlottetown (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	200
Chatham, Ont. (Ensign Waters, Lieutenant Spillet)	200
North Bay (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	200
Sault Ste. Marie I (Ensign and Mrs. Homestead)	200
Montreal VI (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	200
Bridgeburg (Lieutenant and Mrs. Fair)	200
Stratford (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	200
West Toronto (Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lt. Ward)	200
Danforth (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	200
Bedford Park (Captain Gage, Lieut. Wiseman)	200

Corps Selling 150 and over

Dartmouth (Ensign and Mrs. Vaisey)	185
Belleville (Commandant and Mrs. Boniton)	180
Owen Sound (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	180
Lisgar Street (Ensign Kettle, Captain Lennox)	180
Scarlett Plains (Captain Smith, Lieut. Harrington)	175
Kitchener (Commandant and Mrs. Condo)	170
Toronto I (Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe)	170
Guelph (Commandant and Mrs. White)	170
Whitney Pier (Adjutant and Mrs. Mills)	170
Pictou (Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	170
St. John I (Commandant and Mrs. Williams)	165
Toronto Temple (Commandant and Mrs. Riches, Ensign Bollenbachers)	160
Cobourg (Ensign and Mrs. Palkett)	155
Cornwall (Adjutant and Mrs. White)	155
Swansea (Captain Page, Lieut. Williams)	150
Campbellton (Captain and Mrs. Payton)	150
Woodstock, N.B. (Ensign Lamb, Captain Hunt)	150
St. John II (Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey)	150
Sault Ste. Marie II (Adjutant and Mrs. Laxton)	150
Ottawa II (Ensign McGowan, Lieut. Murray)	150
Leamington (Ensign and Mrs. Morrison)	150
Wallaceburg (Ensign Chittenden and Stokes)	150
Brookville (Captain and Mrs. Burrell)	150

THE CHRISTMAS

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The WAR CRY

Official Gazette of
THE SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST and NEWFOUNDLAND

WHEN SIN'S
FETTERS ARE
BROKEN.

(See page 3)

No. 2251. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, DECEMBER 3rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Massey Hall—Sun. Dec. 11 (night).

MRS. COLONEL HENRY

Parliament Street (Home League Sale of Work)—Thurs., Dec. 1.

Danforth (Home League Sale of Work)—Tues., Dec. 6.

Wychwood (Home League Sale of Work)—Wed., Dec. 7.

COLONEL ADBY: West Toronto, Thurs., Dec. 22; Ligar St., Thurs., Dec. 29.

COLONEL TAYLOR: Ligar St., Sun., Dec. 13; London St., Mon., Dec. 19.

MAJOR BEST: Ottawa St., Fri., Dec. 2, to Mon., Dec. 5.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Ottawa St., Fri., Nov. 25, to Mon., Dec. 5.

MAJOR OWEN: Whitney Pier, Thurs., Dec. 1; North Sydney, Tues., Dec. 6; Sydney Mines, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 10-11; New Aberdeen, Thurs., Dec. 15; North Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 17-18.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Halifax, Thurs., Dec. 1; Yarmouth, Sat.-Mon., Dec. 3-5; Shelburne, Tues., Dec. 6; Liverpool, Wed.-Thurs., Dec. 7-8; Lunenburg, Fri., Dec. 9; Bedford, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 10-11.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Windsor, Thurs., Dec. 1; Trenton, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 3-4; Oxford, Wed., Dec. 7; Springfield, Thurs.-Fri., Dec. 8-9; Farnboro, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 10-11.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPOONER: Hampton, Sat.-Sun., Dec. 3-4.

FIELD-MAJOR URQUHART: Ouelph, Wed., Nov. 30, to Thurs., Dec. 12.

TERRITORIAL PARS

We regret to state that Mrs. Eustice Pollock has been obliged to undergo a second operation. Prayer is requested for our comrade.

The Trade Department now sells music manuscript paper. This may be obtained in two sizes—for full score and part writing. Calligraphers—music and budding—will consider this a boon.

At an "All-Canadian" dinner in the coliseum, Toronto, at which His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Willingdon and five hundred guests were present, Commissioner Lamb was called upon to say grace.

The Temple Home League will hold a Sale of Work on Friday, December 11. London Band has added a monster bass to its instrumentation. This is "Our own make."

Captain Laura Gage has been appointed to Halifax Hospital.

According to the final report, two hundred and fifty awards were made to prize winners in connection with the Toronto Handicraft Exhibition.

Colonel Aday paid a visit to Chatham Corps on Monday, November 21st. In the interests of the Young People's War.

TEN DAYS REVIVAL CAMPAIGN

Over Sixty Seekers

GAULT (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)—The "ten days" Revival campaign just concluded here by Major and Mrs. Kendall, has been a season of revelation and rich blessing. The power of the Holy Ghost was manifest as hundreds of earnest seekers responded to the leadings of God and came to present their bodies a living sacrifice. The week-night meetings attracted good crowds of hungry, expectant comrades as well as friends of The Army, and the searching truths, while cutting deeply and unceasingly before our eyes the condition of the soul brought forth a willing response on the part of many.

On Friday, Nov. 11th, Adjutant Alderman, Lieutenant Grant and about thirty comrades from Hamilton IV united with us and a wonderful time was spent. Mrs. Kendall's message laid bare the true state of many hearts and seekers found their way to the Altar. The final meeting, held the following Tuesday, was a season of soul-searching, resulting in seekers at the Cross. Major Kendall made an appeal for Candidates and dedicated four young people to God under the colors.

During the campaign there were over sixty seekers at the Altar and the thank-offering amounted to \$69.00. Many hours were spent by Major Kendall and Adjutant Graves in the shelter of the shuttles and sick folk in the hospital. Major MacGillivray, of Toronto, Captain and Mrs. K. MacGillivray, of Preston, Lieutenant Kingston, of Paris, and comrades from Hespeler, Preston, Kitchener and Guelph were also with us during the campaign.

Another Home League Conversion

NORTH TORONTO (Evelyn Clarke, Lieut. Barrett)—During house-to-house visitation, the Corps Officers called upon a woman who had not only suffered the loss of a child, but had been ill herself. After conversation and prayer, the Officers invited this woman to the meeting, and particularly to the Home League meeting. Recovering from her sickness, she came, and during the course of the meeting was convicted of sin. While the Home League Secretary, Mrs. Major Thompson, was publicly according a welcome to other new League members, she asked all who were saved to raise their hands. With the exception of this one woman, all did so. During a brief prayer meeting which followed, the convicted woman came to the penitent-form and gave herself to God, later testifying to having received Christ into her heart, and requesting prayer that she might be kept. This is the second case of a sister finding Salvation in the Home League gatherings during the past month.

Two at Mercy-Seat

NAPANEE (Ensign and Mrs. C. A. Howe)—Last week-end we had with us Field-Major and Mrs. A. Brace. Their messages were much enjoyed. Splendid crowds attended the services. On Sunday night the message made a deep impression and two seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.

New Officers Welcomed

WINGHAM (Captain Danby, Lieutenant Gray)—On Sunday last we welcomed our new Officers, Captain Danby and Lieutenant Gray. This was a day of much blessing and resulted in a young woman returning to God.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department. Address your communications to—
THE RESIDENT SECRETARY,
1225 University St., Montreal,
or to THE SECRETARY,
18 Albert St., Toronto 2.
365 Ontario St., London, Ont.
97 Brydges St., Moncton, N.B.
114 Berkeley St.,
Smith's Falls, Ont.
508 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

(COMMISSIONER EDWARD HIGGINS, C.B.E.)

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in the

Massey Hall, - - - - - Toronto

SUNDAY, DEC. 11th at 6.45 p.m.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address, Colonel Wm. Marshall, James and Albert Streets Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

COLES, George—Age 19 years; medium height; native of England. Came to Canada from England when just a lad. When last heard of, he was living in Greys Mills, Ontario. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Sister in England anxious to hear from him. 16914

FORD, Thomas Henry—When last heard of he was in Toronto, in one of the hospitals, about 22 years ago. His brother George is anxious to find his whereabouts. 16800

FORD, William Albert—Last heard of in Alberta; it is thought he is somewhere in Canada East. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother George anxious to locate him. 16800

WALMSLEY, Alfred—Age 18 years; height 5 ft. 5 in.; weight 135 lbs. Fair hair; grey eyes; fair complexion; left his home in Montreal in September, 1927. Should this meet the eye, please communicate; parents anxious to locate. 16802

JONES, Henry—Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man, kindly inform us, as he is urgently sought by his sister in England. Age 39 years; height 6 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. 16993

BLIGH, Thomas—Age 56 years; height 5 ft. 11 in.; fair hair; fair complexion; native of Tring, Herts., England. His sister in England very anxious to hear from him. 16905

HART, Alexander—Age 35 or 37. Last heard from working at Camp 38, Nairn, Ontario. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Father very anxious to hear from him. 16909

EKDAL, Walter—Age 20 years. Farmer; worked for a Mr. Wm. Prince, Wingham, Ontario. His whereabouts is urgently sought by his father. 16914

DODD, Edward Harold—Age 35 years; height 5 ft. 5-1/2 in.; weight 185 lbs. Dark brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Is a native of Nottingham, England. Left his home on the 11th of September, 1927. His whereabouts is urgently sought. 16792

BOY TRAMPS HELPED AT KITCHENER

From the London "Free Press"

Dan Harvey and Victor Hartnett, two boy tramps, who were picked up by the police at Kitchener last week, have been given employment by local men interested in making good citizens out of wanderers. The two boys walked from Halifax to the Niagara Peninsula and then to North Bay and finally to this city.

The boys, through the intervention of the two local men and a Kitchener firm in conjunction with The Salvation Army, have started work, and their future lies in their own hands. On lad is using an assumed name, and when he re-establishes himself, he intends communicating with his sister.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or my property, known as No....., in the City or Town of.....), to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said territory."

OR, "I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of his said Will, from Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge, by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to—

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